

THE GRAMMARIAN

1968

A DECADE
OF
PROGRESS



THE HALIFAX
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

There wasn't
a graduating
class in 1968.
Peter Meyerkhof
was the sole student
returning after
grade 11 so he
went to QEH for 12

THE GRAMMARIAN



Presented by the Students
of

THE HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

MAY 10, 1968.



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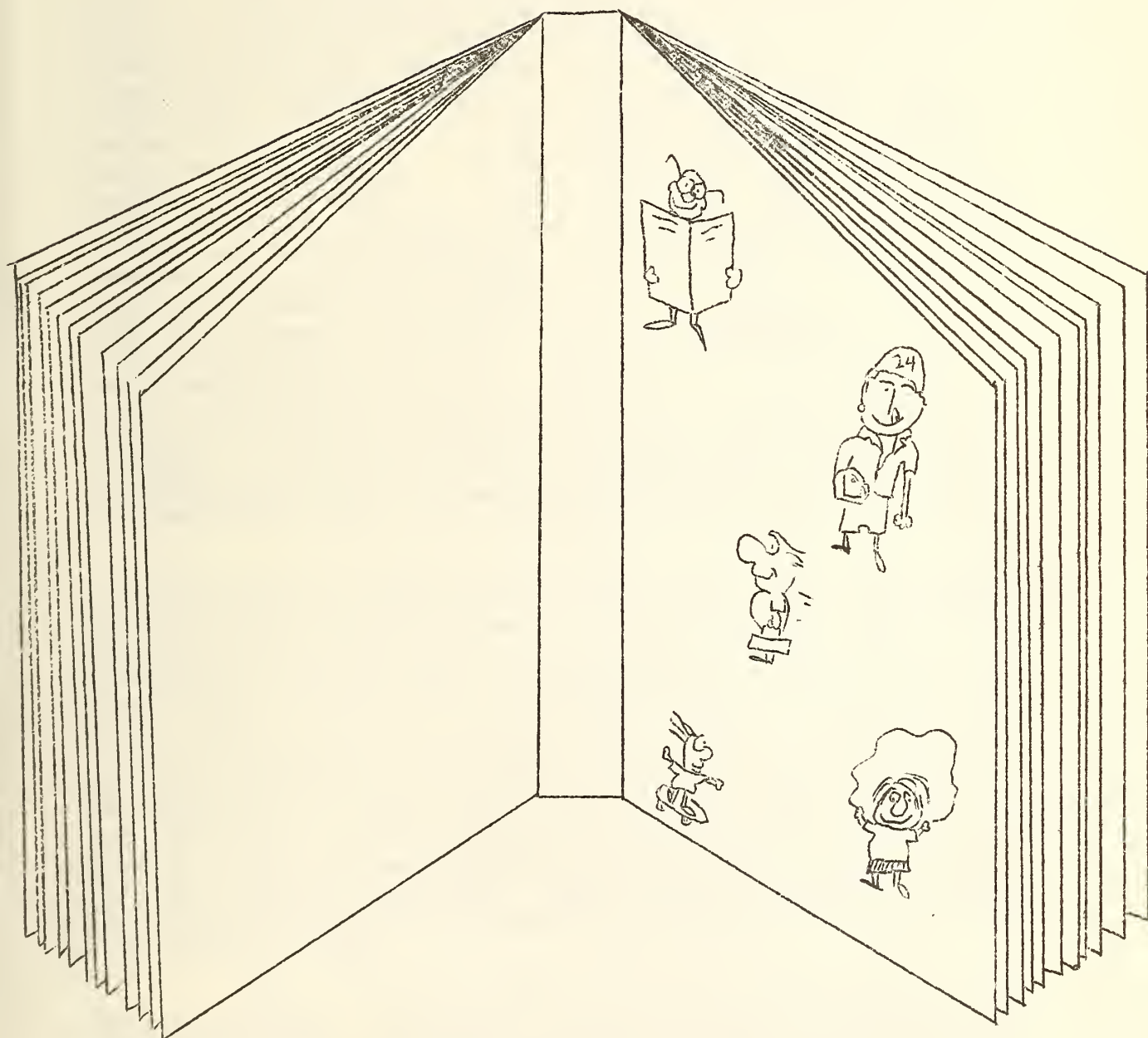


The eighth edition of THE GRAMMARIAN coincides with the tenth anniversary of the School, which has come a long way indeed since April 28, 1958, when the original eight parents held the meeting that conceived it.

Easily the most impressive feature of the eighth edition, to me, is the word from Mr. Karr, the staff member-responsible for publication, that this year's student Editorial Board has been the most active on record and has, in fact, assumed the major responsibility for the selection of material. I take this as a welcome sign that after ten years of growth, Grammarians themselves are coming of age.

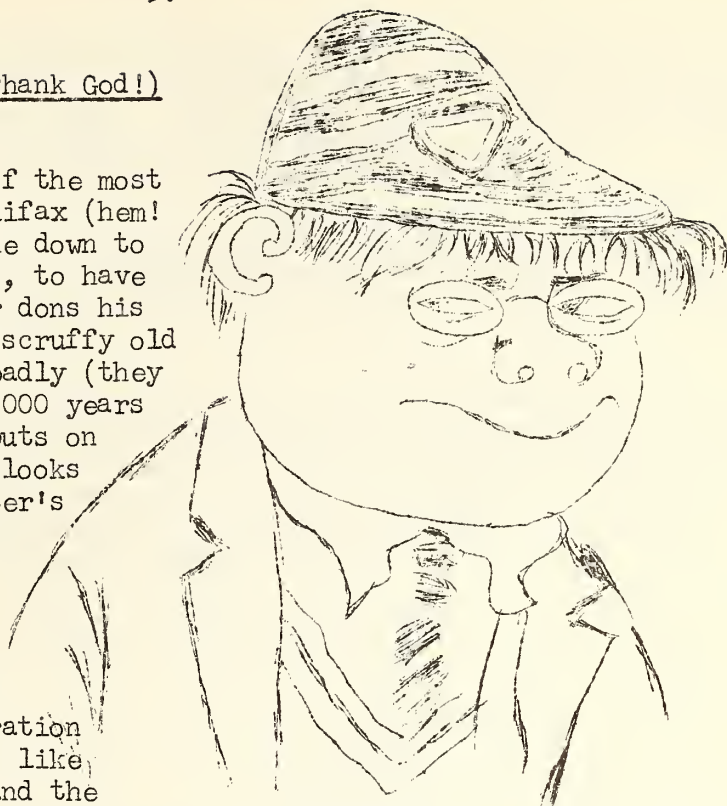
W. E. P. Currie
Headmaster

PREP SCHOOL



PREP. VI IS SMALLER NOW (Thank God!)

Prep. VI, one of the most well-behaved classes in Halifax (hem! hem! not a chance) has gone down to the sea (polluted as it is), to have a swim. (Yik!) Mr. Spencer dons his swimming trunks, a pair of scruffy old things which are decaying badly (they must be at least 2,000,000,000 years old). D. Haldane the VII puts on his posh nylon suit, which looks like the bottom of his sister's bikini, but I suppose it is smaller than the bikini bottom. The new bug Mulesworth II (my hated brother, the clot-faced wit), says when he dons his it will be a day for celebration because his viens stand out like whip cords. Peason and I and the boys will celebrate for another reason, for Molesworth II has never had his shirt off in his



MOLESWORTH

(With a Bow to Ronald Searle)

life, let alone done any exercise at all. He also does not have a bathing suit, but these facts are not related. He can swim in his underwear. If he can swim, which I doubt extremely, the sea would probably shrink back to a mere thing the size of Peason's God-given (I guess), brain, if it ever saw Molesworth II's face.

We now come back to the beach. The beach is bad enough without Molesworth II to make it 300,000 times worse. But the hardy boys and girlies of Prep. VI grin and bear it. This happiness is coaxed out of them by our wicked Maths Master, I. Spencer in a long sermon, e.g. "So Molesworth II has a face like a squashed tomato. So this is only the back of Pier 39, with a bit of sand thrown around. So what, eh? Look at the good side of things. We are lucky we have a beach (hem! hem!) at all. I say dispose of our worst troubles (you know who) and swim to make ourselves fit.....", and you know how they go on. Molesworth I the gorilla of 36, winner of Pax Prize for School Field Supervision Work, etc. etc. (hem! hem!) leads the same fearless team of hoods, buccaneers, cutthroats, etc. that won the Battle of the School's Larder, to defeat the weak, helpless, Molesworth II (whom I despise hideously). We will all cork him with conkers which have been baked for 3,000 years by cads from the Klu Klux Klan.

Now we come to the battle scene. The Klu Klux Klan conkers fly fast and thick. Molesworth II cries in despair but braveness, "To every clot upon this earth death cometh soon or late, and how can man die better than facing fearful odds!" He is now practically beaten and is battle-scared. He flees quickly with one loyal follower trailing behind. This loyal follower is Fotherington-Thomas, a girlie. You know he is the one who skips around saying "Hullo clouds! Hullo sky!" He is a disgrace to St. Custards.

After the battle the winning army is in a filthy temper, but it is not because of the battle, it is because Grabber must leave the school for misconduct in the fight. He is the one who won the Miss Joyful Prize for Rafia work (a horrible pastime forced upon us by that hag, Miss Pringle, a cad of the utmost impudence) and Head of the School.

In the process of swimming, ten unlucky weeds drowned (by forces which the Molesworth Life Guard Team could not prevent); three were killed on the beach in the Molesworth I vs. Molesworth II Battle and one was killed in a traffic accident.

Prep. VI, which adjoins just one of the Hallowed Halls of St. Custards, is smaller now, and the world rejoices (the underworld, that is). Prep. VI is rid of the clot-faced, hidious Molesworth II, and other assorted weeds, oiks, bullies, etc., too numerous to mention. It is a happy time, for the clothes of Fotherington-Thomas have been stolen by some allied forces of the underworld of St. Custards.

(With apologies to Geoffrey Willans)

Andrew Gillis
Prep. VI
Age 11.

SPRING

Winter is gone,
Spring is here
And my heart is filled with love
To see the beauty around me.
The tiny buds are growing.
And soon the farmers will be sowing
Seeds in the fields.
The dogs are barking.
The cats are mewling.
The mice are chewing
And we think of love
As God looks down from Heaven above.

Jane Greening
Prep. VI
Age 10.

IF ONLY I COULD FLY

Like the beautiful birds in the sky,
I would talk like the birds,
And walk like the birds
If only I could fly.

Rob Quigley
Prep. V
Age 10.

LIVING THINGS

Living things are called organisms and are made up of one or more cells. They include plants, animals and things which have characteristics of both plants and animals, called protists.

There are six kinds of protists. They are bacteria, flagellates, rhizopods, ciliates, sporozoa and slime molds. They are generally microscopic in size and are mostly one-celled organisms.

Bacteria are the smallest single-celled organisms with the possible exception of viruses. They are found almost everywhere. They are so abundant that almost everything we touch may have bacteria on it. Bacteria can cause food to spoil, and can carry diseases, such as tuberculosis.

Flagellates used to be called protozoans. They move by means of flagella (whiplike projections). Some flagellates are parasites, and some carry diseases such as sleeping sickness. Flagellates are the cause of "red tides".

Amoebae are rhizopods. Most amoebae are not harmful to man but some carry diseases.

Ciliates have cilia (hair-like projections) around their bodies.

Sporozoa are practically all parasites. Malaria is caused by a sporozoan.

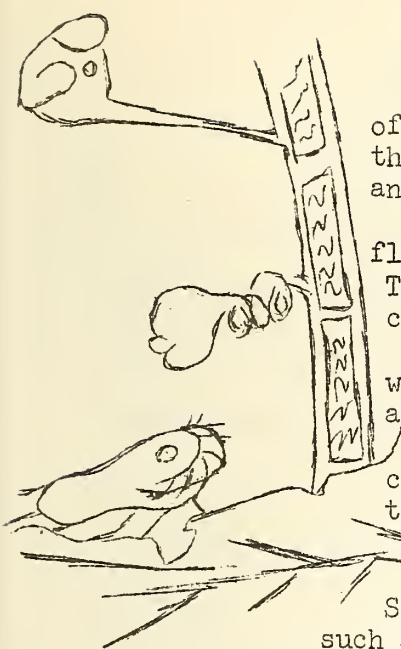
Slime molds are not well known. They can be found under decaying logs or leaves.

There are four major groups of plants; the thallophytes, which include algae, fungi and lichens; bryophytes, which include mosses and liverworts; pteridophytes, which include ferns, club mosses and horsetails; and spermatophytes, or seed plants, which include conifers and flowering plants. There are many thousands of varieties of plants in the world. Botany is the study of plants.

The animal kingdom is the other group of living organisms. No one knows how many different kinds of animals there are in the world, although over a million species have been identified. The blue whale, which may be a hundred feet long, is the largest known animal. The smallest known animal is so tiny one needs a microscope to see it. Animals live in the arctic regions, the steaming jungles, in the oceans and on the desert. Different animals are adapted to different regions.

The study of living things is a very interesting occupation.

Fred Stoddard
Age 10
Prep. VI.



WHAT I AM GOING TO BE WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up, I am going to be a vet, and an animal boarder. I will let elephants run in the forests, the horses graze in the fields, and the dogs will run around the house. Every morning I will take the animals two by two to exercise. If an animal has a nightmare it will come to bed with me. The sick animals will stay inside. There will be a big patch of grass and trees growing in the basement. The patch of grass and trees will be for the sick pets to use for their toilet.

Philippa Whitby,
Age 9
Prep. 3.

SPRING

"Spring! Spring! "
The robin did sing,
"It's here at last
And it didn't come fast."

The groundhog slowly went down to the bog
To tell his friend, the frog.

The frog said,
"You silly thing!"
I knew it was Spring
By the look of everything."

The fairies were busy
Painting the sky blue
And sticking the leaves with glue.

Norma Guy,
Prep. 2
8 years.



PETS

I had a little pup
 He drank from a cup.
 I had a little rabbit,
 He had a special habit.
 I had a red parrot,
 And he ate a raw carrot.
 I have a baby ape,
 And he ate a purple grape.
 The animal pictures that I drew
 I would like to show to you.



Sarah Stevens
 Prep. II
 Age 7.

THE WORST THING I DID

The worst thing I did, was pulling the car brake.

Three years ago one day, in the middle of winter, I got up early in the morning to get dressed. Then when my brother and I were dressed, we went out in our car. After about ten minutes, we were getting restless and my brother started a fight; I immediately got mad, so I took off his hat and hung it on the gear shift. After I did this, my brother pulled it off which shifted the gear shift and the car went rolling across the street. When that happened, I started running up Dutch Village Road and hid behind a house. And I was lucky I didn't get it.

Andrew Clark,
 Age 7
 Prep. 3.

MICMAC INDIANS

The Micmac Indians belonged to a linguistic group, the Algonquins, composed of many tribes speaking allied dialects who lived in the northeastern part of North America.

They were not warlike, asking only to be let alone to live as they pleased. Most of the Micmac live in Nova Scotia. No place was their home.

The Micmac lived a simple hunting and gathering life. The women gathered food while the men hunted. During the Summer months roots, berries, clams, oysters, moose and deer meat were dried for winter use.

Travelling

The Micmacs travelled on foot or by boat. In Winter they travelled on snowshoes. Once they lived in dugouts hollowed from large trees, but early European explorers found them using birchbark canoes. One of the routes of travel was from the Minas Basin up the Shubenacadie River to Grand Lake, and by other lakes and short portages to Halifax Harbour. This was the route they used when sent by the French to harass the English Settlement at Halifax in 1750. They lived in wigwams. Ten or twelve long stakes were set on the ground in a circle about twelve feet in there at the top. This frame was covered with sheets of bark, usually that of the birch tree. Sometimes sheets of hemlock or elm bark formed the covering. The doorway faced South.

Micmacs clothed themselves in animal skin. The women wore a calf-length dress made of two skins sewed together at the sides and open at the top, which was folded down. There was a belt and hanging from it was a purse containing the squaw's valuables; her pipe, some pretty trinkets, and perhaps some spruce gum. The squaws wore moccasins, too.

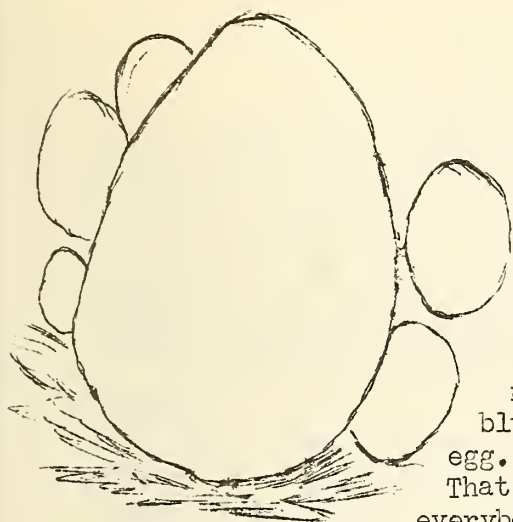
Personal adornment was important. Jewelry was important. Men or women wore a necklace or bracelet of shell beads, animal teeth or claws. The women made the household containers. Bark scoops with wooden handles, served as ladles and dishes were of birchbark or wood.

Glooskap was the Abenaki god of creation. He achieved his supreme position through rivalry with his evil twin Molsum.

French priests lived with the Indians and taught them the Catholic religion. They took good care of their Indian flocks, seeing to it that they were not cheated in trade and were provided with food in times of famine.

The Micmacs settled in northern New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. They met the French in the early 1700's.

Alice Lim	and	Ann Merchant
Prep. 5		Prep. 5
Age 11		Age 11.

THE LOST EASTER EGG

Easter Bunny went into his workshop. He said, "I'll need a lot of sugar for candy". The next day he mixed and stirred. He was very busy and stayed up 'til 2 o'clock. He had made 100 red eggs, 50 yellow eggs. He had made 1 blue egg. It was all chocolate except the middle. It was a cherry. He said, "I hope nobody will take any eggs". In the morning the blue egg was gone. He said, "I must look for the egg. I hope nobody stole it. Oh! there it is. That is lucky that I found it." On Easter Morning everybody got candy and everyone was happy.

Sarah Stevens,
Prep. II
Age 7.

A REMEMBRANCE DAY POEM

I have heard of the grizzley days of the war,
With guns booming and sirens crying
And men giving their lives for their nations.
Many wives crying because of wounds and deaths of men,
Bombs dropping, guns firing and men shouting.
How wonderful it is to be free.
Planes roaring and ship horns;
Thunder flashes through the air.
Tanks going through the horrible dust.
Even those who have no medals can feel proud
Because they fought for their people,
We must be thankful to the people who fought for us.

J. Forgie
Prep. 3
Age 9.

I WAS A FEROCIOUS TEENY-BOPPER

One day two boys were talking about school. One was a reasonably good student who did his best all the time, and the other was an intelligent boy who wasted his God-Given talent on trying to be a "good fellow" all the time.

Billy said "Chris", my advice to you is my motto, tune in, turn on, drop out. I've sent a couple o' teachers to the funny farm so far, so I think you're able to do it, too. Yes, there is still hope for you, come on down to my pad and have a double shot on me".

So that's how little psychedelic Chris Crud became a fierce teeny bopper.

Now, lets continue our story. The next day Chris did the best he could. He mugged twenty three old men on the way to school, stole candy from ten babies, took his first shot of morphine, robbed the general store and got away with ten thousand dollars in bubble gum cards and comics. In school he committed many more misdemeanor crimes such as getting ten teachers with home made switchblade (the tip of the blade contains a small nuclear warhead.)

As the day closed he had, three counts of grand larceny, ten counts of murder, ten counts of arson, 1 count of petty larceny, plus possession of L.S.D., morphine, marijuana, heroine, opium and a package of 'reefers'. They all added up to five hundred thirty-five years two and a half days in prison.

Little Chris Crud is progressing isn't he?

The next few days Chris developed into a crafty, sneaky, obnoxious precarious tweenster of twelve years of age.

Four years later he dropped out of school and took himself and his switchblade on a cross country tour, (hawking cars along the way to provide transportation.) But on his way back he was bagged by the "fuzz" and put in prison.

He escaped two hundred twenty-one times, but he was caught two hundred twenty two times

So Chris Crud aged two hundred fifty-one , is now serving a one thousand year term in Leavenworth penitentiary.

Carol Matheson
Prep.6
Age 10

SKIING

The thrill of the hill, The fear of a spill,
As downward we schuss, The speed let's loose.
I gain a fast pace, The snow bites at my face,
I tingle with speed, No caution I heed.

Chris Brandys
Prep.VI
Age 12

THE FUNNIEST THING THAT HAPPENED IN THE FOREST

Once upon a time, there lived a rabbit in the forest. He was very excited, because he was invited to deer's birthday party. He was so excited, that he almost forgot to wash. His Mother bought deer a kite. He wore his best clothes. When he got there he was the third one. Chipmunk and Squirrel got there before him. Soon all the animals were at the party. They played some games. After awhile rabbit went over to the pond and looked in. He saw some fish swimming about. Mole came down and pushed rabbit head first, into the water. What a splash! Then everybody got a little present. Rabbit got a little necktie. Chipmunk got a little coat. Beaver got a little clock for his bedroom. Duck got a little fishing rod. Squirrel got a toothbrush. Mole got a spade. And everybody lived happily ever after.

Martin Sullivan
Age 7
Prep. 3.

THE LION AND THE KITTY

The lion escaped and terrorized the city,
All except the little kitty
For he was one of his own kind.
But, oh! that little kitten's mind,
Was as disrupted as can be.
You can believe it! Take it from me!
That kitten led that lion away.
And 10 miles out, down they lay
For a rest! But then the keeper came.
The lion attacked, and can be maim!
The kitten led him away again,
And soon they met a lot of men.
They had a net,
And it was set,
They caught the lion!
Every ion!
And so the kitty,
Went back to the city.

Paul Hansen
Age 10
Prep. 5

SPRING POEM

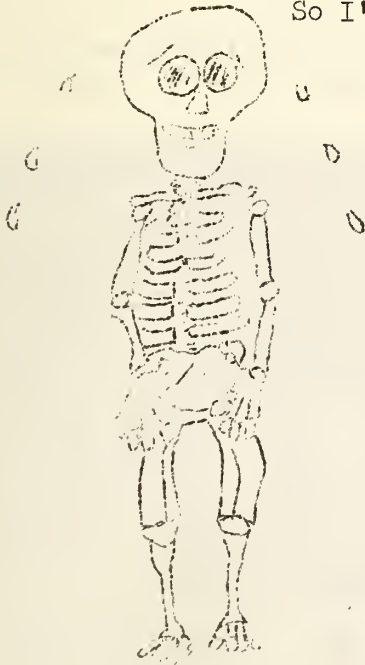
In Spring,
Birds take to wing.
Leaves become green,
I sit and dream
Of warm sun,
And Summer fun.

Chris Reed
Age 6
Prep. 11.

SKELETON

I am a little skeleton,
I always like to play,
Children don't like me
They always run away,
Even when I say 'hello'
They still shout and scream;
I don't want to hurt them
I only pretend to be mean,
Children won't play with me
No matter how hard I try,
No one seems to like me
So I'll just sit here and cry.

Victor Fung
Prep. II
Age 7.



GERMAN CLUB

1st row: M. Jannasch, C. Jannasch, I. Youle, C. von Maltzahn, A. Finley

2nd row: W. Price, P. Talbot, C. Wilson, V. Slauenwhite



SCIENCE CLUB

1st row: R. Grant, W. Lim, B. Thompson, D. Black, M. Oliver, D. Welbourn

2nd row: I. Youle, K. Chopra, W. Price, A. Finley



EVERYDAY LIFE IN PREP. VI

The day in Prep. VI starts out with everyone gaily singing into school (especially Monday morning everyone is so happy to be back at school after the long, hard week-end). We come skipping in happily to our desks. The first lesson is usually Math. As soon as Mr. Spencer gets out his Math book a roar of approval comes from the class, (for Math is the most popular lesson). Our poor dear teacher can barely be heard for the yells of "Hip, Hip, Hurray for Math". His usually low voice rises to a low roar. We do not hear him so Mr. Spencer raps gently on his desk. We finally settle down and work brilliantly at our fractions.

As soon as the Math lesson ends everyone groans, but dear Mr. Spencer cannot see us sad so he gives us five pages of Math homework. Joy! But fear not, English is next. Joy again! After we learn our verbs, pronouns and other darling little things, Mr. Spencer tiptoes gently out and tinkles softly the recess bell. Darn! recess again. Everyone would rather work at recess, As soon as recess ends we all gaily line up. The teacher on duty prances joyfully up and says forward Prep. VI you darling little cherubs all pink and sparkling.

After recess we have French. "Parlez vous francais?" asks Mrs. McGuire. "Huh", answers one of Prep. Six's brilliant students. Well, after a tiny struggle between Mrs. McGuire and the scholar, (Mrs. McGuire wins by sitting on the scholar and asking him his french verbs). We have History.

Oh, dear I forgot to do my History homework, how could I? I explained to Miss Magnusson and she said to do it at lunch. Happiness! I have an excuse to work at lunch. BZZ! There goes the lunch hour bell. Everyone is hungry for their lunch of carrot juice, lettuce, celery and for heavy eaters - cottage cheese.

I worked happily at my history 'til school started again, Bliss! We have Spelling Science and other goodies. Yay! Mr. Spencer cannot bear the disappointment on our faces so he gives us detention. After a happy filled hour of detention, we march drearily home.

That was another happy day with Prep. VI.

Jane Greening
Prep. VI
Age 10.

DAWN ON THE FRENCH FRONT

The sun was just a faint glimmer in the eastern sky. Thin wisps of smoke rose from the shell holes of last night's bombardment. The moaning of the wounded broke the heavy silence.

Then the men heard it, the faint, but unmistakable whistling of "Glory, Glory Halleluiaah". The men saw their officer, Lt. Keith, appear from the communications trench. He was quite pleased with himself, because he had been able to get some bread and cheese from a French village about a mile behind the lines.

The men admired their young, quick-acting lieutenant. They knew he had always tried to keep them cheerful when the chips were down. He was a brave man and had been awarded the D.S.O.

The men sat down in a group enjoying the silence. They ate the bread viciously, tearing apart the long French loaf. Then they talked about the battles they had fought and rested for whatever the day may bring.

Chris Brandys
Age 12
Prep. VI.

MY CHERRY TREE

I had a little cherry seed,
I put it in the ground.
Then next month I came to look.
A tiny shoot I found.
Two months later I came to see if any cherries
had grown on my tree,
But not a one was there for me.
Three black birds laughed at me because they
had eaten my cherries you see.

Paul Johnson,
Prep. II
Age 8.



LITTLE LADY BUG

Little lady bug so tiny and sweet,
 You work so hard to gather honey that will last through the week,
 Some people think you bring good luck and I agree,
 Because I am superstitious as you can plainly see.

Julie Schwartz,
 Age 8
 Prep. III.

MY BIRD

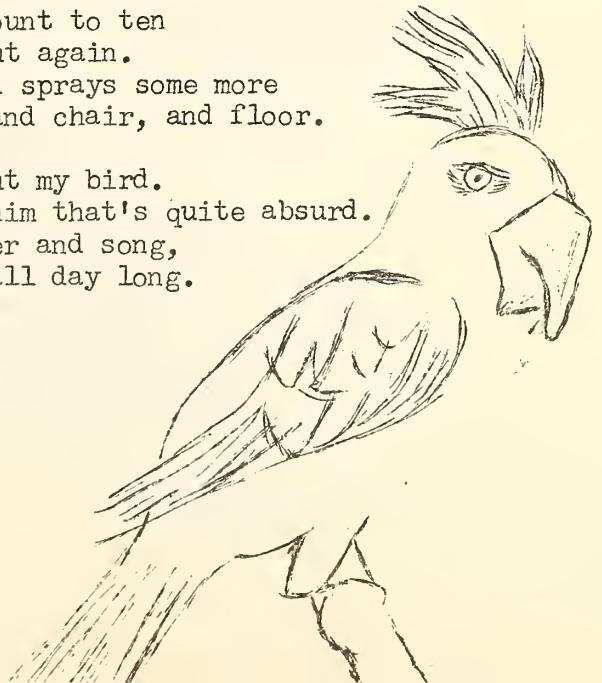
What shall I tell you about my bird?
 He's the sauciest thing that ever was heard.
 Brown and white and a puff of air,
 He sings to the world with never a care.

When we cover him up at night
 He chirks about his sorry plight;
 And if we burn the light too late
 He peevishly tells us his sad fate.

As long as it takes to count to ten
 He's into his bath and out again.
 He flutters his wings and sprays some more
 There is water on desk, and chair, and floor.

And that's the story about my bird.
 There's something about him that's quite absurd.
 A quarter ounce of feather and song,
 He sings to me cheerily all day long.

Fred Stoddard,
 Prep. VI.
 Age 10.



THE WAR

There is a war in Viet Nam
 Though I don't think it's worth a slam
 Although we hope the States will win,
 Our hopes are looking pretty dim.

The Viet Cong, our enemy,
 Are willing to shoot both you and me.
 So don't just stand there, full of fright,
 Get out there, man, and fight! fight! fight!

Stephen Acker
 Prep. VI
 Age 11

LOST POEM

I sat a sitting, a sitting, a sitting
 A sitting on my bed
 A thinking, a thinking, a thinking of
 A poem that could be read.

I looked around from room to room
 But nothing did I find
 I seemed to have misplaced it
 It wasn't in my mind.

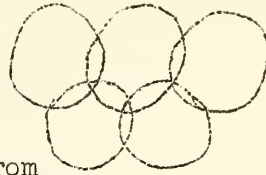
If you should find it roaming
 In any of your rooms,
 Please send it back, I need it
 For I am going to school pretty soon.

Matthew Burnstein
 Prep. 4
 Age 9.

HALLOWE'EN

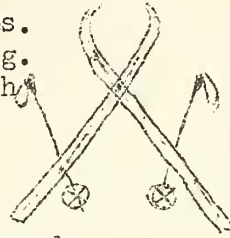
Trick or treaters sneak around,
 Like big black cats on the ground,
 Yowling, prowling down the street,
 Hoping always to get a treat.
 Bats and owls standing still,
 Guard the witches with their bills.
 While ghosts and goblins in the air
 Fly around without a care.

Cooperative Poem
 Prep. II.

SKIING AT THE WINTER OLYMPICS

In February 1968 all the countries from Europe and North America went to Grenoble, France to compete in the Winter Olympic Games.

There were eighteen countries competing. There were many great skiing competitors such as Jean Claude Killy, Nancy Greene, Nancy Farose, Haakon Mjoen, Karl Shranz, Willi Favre, Toni Sailer, Emile Allais, and Guy Pernilat. It was quite a success with Norway winning the games, with Russia second and France third. Canada did not do very well at the games and was placed sixteenth; Switzerland seventeenth, and Romania last.



The heroine for Canada was Nancy Greene, who picked up a Gold medal in the Grande Downhill slalom and picked up a Silver medal in the downhill slalom. Canada's hockey team placed third and got the bronze medal with Czechoslovakia getting the silver medal and Russia winning the tournament.

I think it was a great competition and it was a great experience for the younger members on the teams and I'm sure all the countries tried their best.

Greg Auld
Prep. V
Age 10.

WHAT I THINK OF CANADA

What I think of Canada is easy to explain,
For some of it is beautiful and some of it is plain,
Some of it is wildlife and some of it is tame.

From east coast to west coast a nation bold and free,
Children come to see this land from way across the sea.

Pam Hanie
Prep. 3, Age 8.



PREP. VI EXCURSIONS

Prep. VI have made several excursions since Fall, all connected with the course of study we are following. The first was a visit to Admiral Landymore's Rainbow Ridge Farm to study the habits of Galloway cattle. (Geography). This was followed by a visit to King's to see and hear an illustrated lecture by Mr. Vincent on South America. Although not part of our course, we were interested in being there.

History interests took us to see the Centennial Train, and it was agreed by everyone that this form of presentation was excellent. The designers of the train are to be congratulated. In Science we were studying communications, and the afternoon spent at the Maritime Tel. and Tel. Exhibit was a very exciting one. We had made arrangements before going there, so we were fortunate in being separated into manageable groups by the tour conductors. Nobody seemed to mind when we stayed much longer than we had planned, and only the thought of the bus brought us back to school on time.

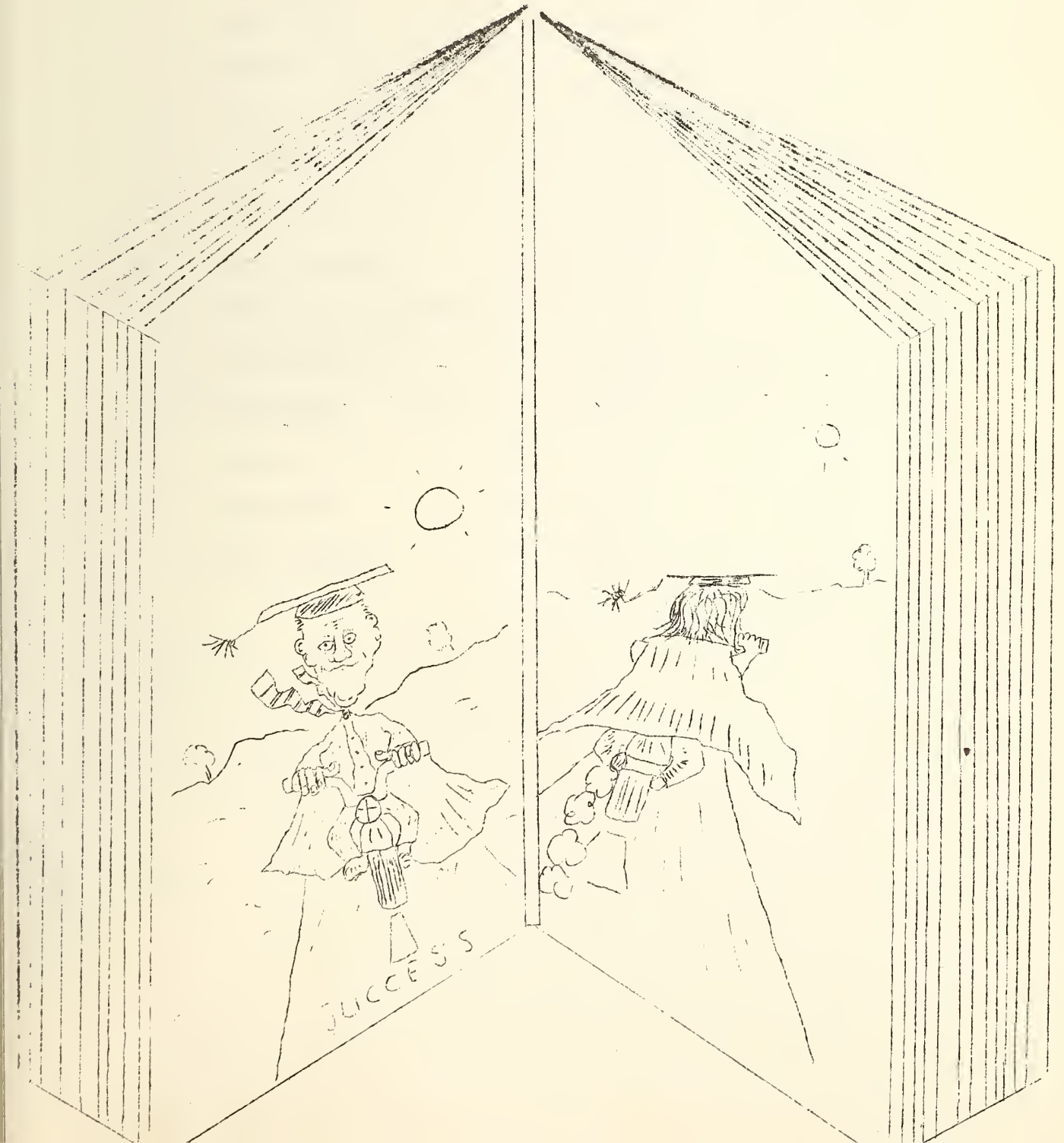
Cultural activities were not forgotten. As well as being present at the Halifax Symphony concert for juniors of Halifax Grammar School, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the Halifax Ladies' College, Mr. Spencer was able to arrange for the class to be present at two full symphony rehearsals. The last concert was the exciting one -- Pierre Hetu as conductor, with Aimee-Marie Varro playing the Grieg piano concerto in A Minor. At the rehearsal on the Sunday morning (Yes, Mr. Spencer took us to St. Pat's on Sunday morning because we wanted to see and hear the soloist!) we met the conductor, the soloist and the members of the orchestra, all of whom were most kind, and interested in our presence at two rehearsals in two days, both non-school days.

Coming excursions include a formal visit to Government House to say good-bye to His Honor, H. P. MacKeen Esq., before he retires. His Honor has invited Prep. VI to come and see the historical treasures at Government House each year, and we feel we should say "Thank You" in this way.

The final excursion of the year will be to I.B.M. to see the computers. These machines are fascinating because they continually keep cropping up in the math course, called "function machines" there. How I wish that I had a built-in one in my head!

Kevin Brown
Prep. VI
Age 11.

UPPER SCHOOL



SCHOOL CALENDAR

SCHOOL OPENING	-	SEPTEMBER 7
TRACK AND FIELD	-	OCTOBER 6
THANKSGIVING	-	OCTOBER 9
DECEMBER EXAMS	-	DECEMBER 4
CHRISTMAS BREAK	-	DECEMBER 20 - JANUARY 4
MID-TERM BREAK	-	FEBRUARY 16 - 19 INCLUSIVE
EASTER EXAMS	-	MARCH 18
WINTER CARNIVAL	-	MARCH 22
WOODEN WORLD AT NEPTUNE	-	APRIL 8
EASTER VACATION	-	APRIL 11 - 22
OPEN HOUSE	-	MAY 11
VICTORIA DAY	-	MAY 20
JUNE EXAMS	-	JUNE 4 - 10
FINAL ASSEMBLY	-	JUNE 14

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THE TENTH YEAR

Seven months ago the Halifax Grammar School started its tenth session. As usual, all the masters were looking forward hopefully to a new academic year. This was true of the large majority of students, with the exception of a few in the top forms. They had hopes of this being the year that the Grammar School might get its nose out of the books for a while and into the field of athletics.

At the start, this idea was rather funny; after all it had been the habit of past Grammar School teams to lose not win. When the soccer team defeated King's College School, the athletic spirit in the students started to roll. The hockey team enjoyed a winning season for the first time since the school was founded and our ski team placed second in the Nova Scotia Headmasters' finals. The students in the Grammar School had proved beyond a doubt to everyone that they could hold their own in sports as well as academics.

Because the students now can be proud of their extra-curricular activities and have found a spirit which has never been present before, I believe that the Grammar School is starting to come of age. We are gaining slowly but surely the qualities of a great school. We have for several years excelled in academics which is very important, but certainly not a full education; and a school not giving a full education is not a very good school.

We have in this year become a better school for complete education. We still have a long way to go with many obstacles ahead, but we can and will make it.

C. Fraser
Form V
Age 17.

LIFE

What is life?
Is it the feeling of freedom,
Or, the fear of death.
Is it enclosed in a book,
Or, is it open to the air?

Life is everything and everybody;
It is the state of being;
Life is the power which enables things to grow;
Life is living.

Toby Norwood
Form II
Age 13.

THE NEED FOR A FORM VI

In the past most of our Form VI's have been small and have accomplished a lot in their last year. I can remember when there were only two in Form VI and the year after that only six.

After a very successful Form VI last year, it was found that there would be no Form VI this year, and, therefore, Form V would have to take all the responsibilities of being the oldest form.

One of Form VI's more important tasks is to run the Student Council. The Student Council was formed to provide students a chance to voice their opinions and ideas so that the Council might consider and possibly act on these opinions and ideas. Also, through raising of funds, they could provide events such as school dances which the students might attend and thereby create a unity or school spirit which this school, as every school or organization, needs badly. I understand that this is a difficult task, but as things stand now we might as well have no Student Council. I do not think that this year's Form V is old enough, or maybe they do not take the position seriously enough, but they have not run our Student Council the way it should be run. Although I have never heard any direct reports from members of the Council, I have through members of the student body heard of some very good ideas brought up during their meetings, but that is as far as it has gone.

I think Form VI's most important responsibilities towards both its school and the students is to generate school spirit. This is also a very difficult task as many of the students in our school live many miles apart. Each individual student has, I am sure, become involved in many activities outside school. If they did not, they would have nothing to do in their spare time as our school does not have any real activities except on one or two of the school afternoons during the week and these appeal only to a few people. I feel that last year there was much more school spirit than in other years. Classes have school spirit but as a whole the school is lacking in it.

These are only one person's views, my views, on the subject, and I hope in the future I may look forward to a progressive Form VI which has a sense of responsible leadership.

Jamie Steeves
Form III
Age 15.

DEATH OF A SALES PITCH

The cigarette's menthol; the filter's recessed;
"And so," says the man, "rest assured it's the best."
"This car is a beauty with four-on-the floor,
And for stereo tape you pay just a bit more."
"Get detergent in the jumbo economy size," -
The Companies really pull wool over your eyes.
Even the wool's only seventy-three percent;
The rest is "Miracle Dacron Polyesterament"!

David Goldbloom
Form III, Age 14.

ODE TO A STEREO

Turn on the headset;
Blow up your mind -
Balance is shaky;
Record's not mine.

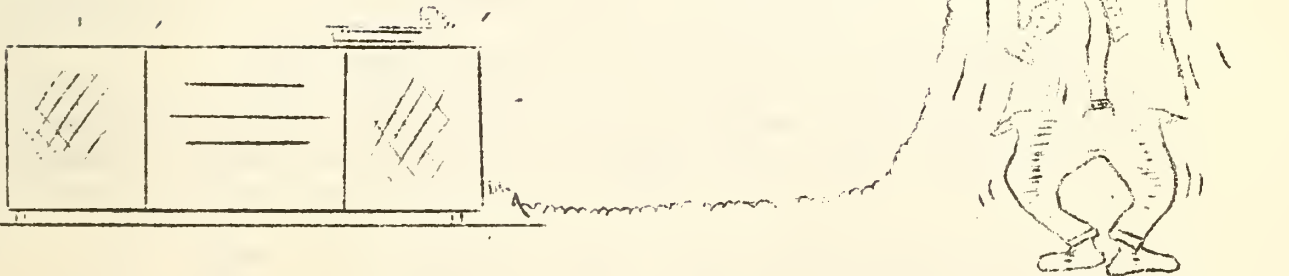
Ten watts -
The speaker's the best -
Solid state circuit -
Will it be repossessed?

Turn on the filter,
Turn off F.M. -
Look at the meter -
Between nine and ten!

Turn down the volume;
Switch back to tape;
Push a few buttons,
And music I make.

"Listen" to Chopin -
What musical taste!
But since I'm a deaf mute,
All this is a waste.

Paul Talbot,
Form III
Age 14.



RELIGION

Religion is the least progressive of the world's institutions. It has been "backward" from the "Year I" and until lately has had few changes. It seems to change in spurts: first Martin Luther; now the Pope has cut Latin from the Roman Catholic Mass and allows meat to be eaten on Fridays. The hems on the outfits of some Orders of Nuns are going up and the ecumenical movement is gaining power. Religion isn't outmoded, it just needs to be modernized, and I feel that my generation should and will be the generation to bring about the reform and modernization.

I dislike slow church music and hymns. The youth of All Saints Cathedral in Halifax have what I consider a great idea. It's called a "folk-mass" in which they play folk songs instead of hymns. The whole service is run by youth and is youth-orientated.

I go to church every Sunday and get the same urge every time I go: to fall asleep during the sermon. Unfortunately my Minister has a very powerful voice and I'm a light sleeper. The sermon is, to me, of no use in its present condition. I get nothing out of it because our head Minister and our associate Minister talk to my parents and all the adults. They are, I grant you, being paid by the adults, but I will be an adult some day and I still won't be "reading him loud and clear."

I don't care what happened two thousand or more years ago; I care about the present. The real topics to me are such things as sex, war, love, and, most of all, peace. I don't care if Matthew was a fisherman or if David did kill Goliath. I care about people starving in India, and the problems and miracles of today.

The Church, the institution, not the building, is of no use to me because of its adult-orientated structure. People may not realize it but of all of Canada's population today, more than fifty percent are under twenty-one years of age. The Church doesn't care about this; they cater to the people who put the biggest check in the collection plate, the adults. Since youth is in the majority, we should be given positions in the Church where we can participate in its business. There should be "Junior Elders" and "Junior Session Members." I don't want to take over the Church, I just want to learn about it.

If youth isn't helped to become interested in the Church, where will it be when our parents die? It will die too.

I have already said that the Church is a non-progressive institution. This can be shown in the fact that churches are only now trying to help the Negroes "shake" their problems. The Church is only about one hundred and fifty to two hundred years late. They should have stopped the slave trade before it started.

When I was little, I was told in Sunday School to be like the "Good Samaritan". I was never taught to play with Johnny next door, no matter what the colour of his skin. People in the Church, who profess Christ as their Saviour, should have taught this to my generation as little children. The horrible thing is that we weren't taught to love our neighbour no matter what his skin colour because these upright "Christians" were prejudiced. This prejudice should not exist in the Church; it should not exist. The Church should teach young children to be "integrationists" but it doesn't.

I have found, in my experience, that many Ministers are prejudiced religiously. I was talking to one Minister and he said that a person who didn't profess Christ as his Saviour will never go to "Heaven". I said, "What about a sincere Moslem or Jew?" and he replied that only Christians could go to Heaven. This to me is ridiculous. A Hindu has a "rule" known as "tolerance". This means he is tolerant of all religious beliefs because this belief, any belief, may be the only or the real way to God or Brahman. I always thought Christians were known to be religiously open-minded but if our religious leaders are prejudiced, I would say the whole belief of Christianity has "gone to the dogs."

The ecumenical movement is the only means to reach God in my opinion. There is only one hitch; this movement is confined to a small number of religions. If all religions merged and all races merged we would end all prejudice. More important we would find peace and love in the world.

Ian MacLachlan
Form V
Age 16.

ON GIVING

Things have been given to young and old alike,
For Christmas, birthdays, and anniversaries.
But all I really want are keys,
Keys to the open light.

I have been given things I hate,
But did not laugh or scold.
I did not think myself too bold,
When I gave things out of date.

I once gave a happy gift,
To someone close to me.
And as I did not charge a fee,
Through his fingers I let it sift.

The World received a gift at three,
And wise men knew of Him.
Because of Him we had not sin,
I don't believe He got to me.

Stephen Neal
Form V
Age 16.

FORM 5

1st row: A. Evans, D. Tripp, B. Hanington, R. Piercey, D. Kennedy

2nd row: D. Tupper, S. Neal, J. Welbourn, D. Scouler, I. MacLachlan, B. Newman

3rd row: W. Hutchinson, M. Power, J. Crace, J. Gumpert, G. Heggie

(Absent: C. Fraser, W. Gray)



SKI TEAM

T. Norwood, J. Welbourn, R. Petley-Jones

(Absent: C. Gluek)



FISHING AT ANTICOSTI ISLAND?

Anticosti Island was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534. It is situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and has a land area of three thousand, one-hundred and forty-seven square miles. On this island there are about nine rivers, three of which produce salmon. The Jupiter River is the most productive.

The Island was bought from Canada in 1895 by a Frenchman, Henri Menier. Menier introduced different game animals. The deer survived the best and the island currently has a deer population of fifty thousand compared to the human population of five hundred. This was considered the largest private game reserve in North America until the Consolidated Paper Company bought it. This Company now leases out hunting and fishing lodges from June 15th to October 15th.

I first read about Anticosti Island in a sporting magazine and even at the cost of four hundred and fifty dollars per week per rod, I persuaded my Father to make arrangements for a trip of our own. Later when my Father was up in Montreal, he was able to get an interview with Anticosti Division of the Paper Company. He was able to get a reservation on the Jupiter for a week at only one thousand and thirty dollars per week per rod. Considering this we decided to fish at Petite Riviere on the South Shore for FREE.

Thomas Purves
Form III
Age 14.



CANADA 101

or

WE'RE NOT APOLOGIZING

We're not apologizing
 For anything we are,
 We've confidence in Canada,
 We'll reach our highest star.

While the U.S. eyed our land,
 Our location, and our wealth,
 Britain knew we'd run back home
 Afraid all by ourself.

Across the years a nation grew;
 Across the land it rolled;
 The story of our work and will
 Around the World is told.

Some said we'd never make it;
 Others claimed us no good;
 They thought we'd never stand alone,
 But we showed them we could.

And so today we look with pride,
 Though others may not agree,
 We plan to stay a united people,
 A Nation from sea to sea.

We've all got something special,
 Something we can shout
 "I am a Canadian"
 So old World look out.

Susan Nichols,
 Form IV
 Age 16.

CENTENNIAL GAMES

The entire Upper School took part in the Canadian Centennial Games Programme last Fall. The compulsory events, the standing broad jump, one minute speed sit-ups, and 100 yard dash were carried out on the playing field behind the School by each Form. Also, each student had to choose one of three optional events, either swimming, skating, or cross-country running. There were four standards, gold medal, silver medal, bronze medal and participation award. The award presented to each student depended on the lowest level he had achieved. The awards were received in January, and generally the results were quite good.

Claire Morash
 Form IV
 Age 16.

WHY SHOULD TRUDEAU BE ELECTED?

In the up-coming Liberal Convention, the delegates of the Party will elect their new leader and our next Prime Minister. The candidates, the most likely to win, are Mr. Martin, Mr. Hellyer, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Trudeau.

A few months ago, Mr. Trudeau was an obscure member of the Cabinet and was not looked upon as a serious candidate. But since then his popularity has increased substantially. His capability as a politician was unquestionably proved when he managed to pass the last bill on reforms of the Criminal Code. He was able to pass this sticky reform through the Commons without arousing and great arguments. His quick, sharp and often humoristic answers denote his intelligence; as the French would put it, "L' humour est le propre de l'intelligence".

Trudeau has many advantages over most of the other candidates. He is a Canadian of French culture, which should give him some support in Quebec. He is a very strong nationalist although he would rather be referred to as a patriot and not a nationalist. He has shown this in his rather violent attacks on Premier Johnson and his special-status policy. But even so, the French-Canadian delegates cannot, when it comes down to the last draw, vote against a "Québécois".

Since he has joined the leadership race, the odds have drastically changed. He has cut out Martin's pretensions of being the "Quebec Candidate" and has taken the place of Turner as the "Youth Candidate", by his eccentric but agreeable style. The prestige of Mitchell Sharp has also decreased since the tax crisis in February. Anyway, the post of Minister of Finance has never been a popular one but as he says: "Comebody has to do the job". Another thing that will help him is his popularity with the public. Although they are not delegates and will not vote at the Convention, it must be kept in mind that they will support him in the next Federal Election. And after all, the Liberals' biggest worry is to beat that man with the "phlegmatic" personality, Stanfield. Being a lady's man, he will probably take a good part of the women's vote in Canada. Mr. Martin and Mr. Hellyer are too similar to Stanfield to win a decisive victory over his party; and we don't want another minority government. But Trudeau has two handicaps. First, he has been in the Party only two years and has not yet received the confidence of the "Old Guard". Secondly, many people distrust his realistic, calculating and often vague attitude.

I really do think that Trudeau is the man for Canada. But the average voter is all too often thinking on a regional basis rather than a national one. Only the future will tell what the outcome will be.

Francis McGuire
Form IV
Age 16.

THE WRECK OF THE "BRIG O'DOON"

It was a wild night,
 In the middle of June,
 That started the plight,
 Of the "Brig O'doon."

The winds came up;
 The waves grew high,
 And thunder rolled,
 Across the sky.

The crewmen's fear,
 Of that great gale,
 Turned even the stoutest,
 Seaman pale.

The ship was tossed,
 Towards rocky shore,
 From whence came angry,
 Breakers roar.

That hardy ship,
 It broke its back,
 Upon the reefs,
 Of "Yawning Crack."

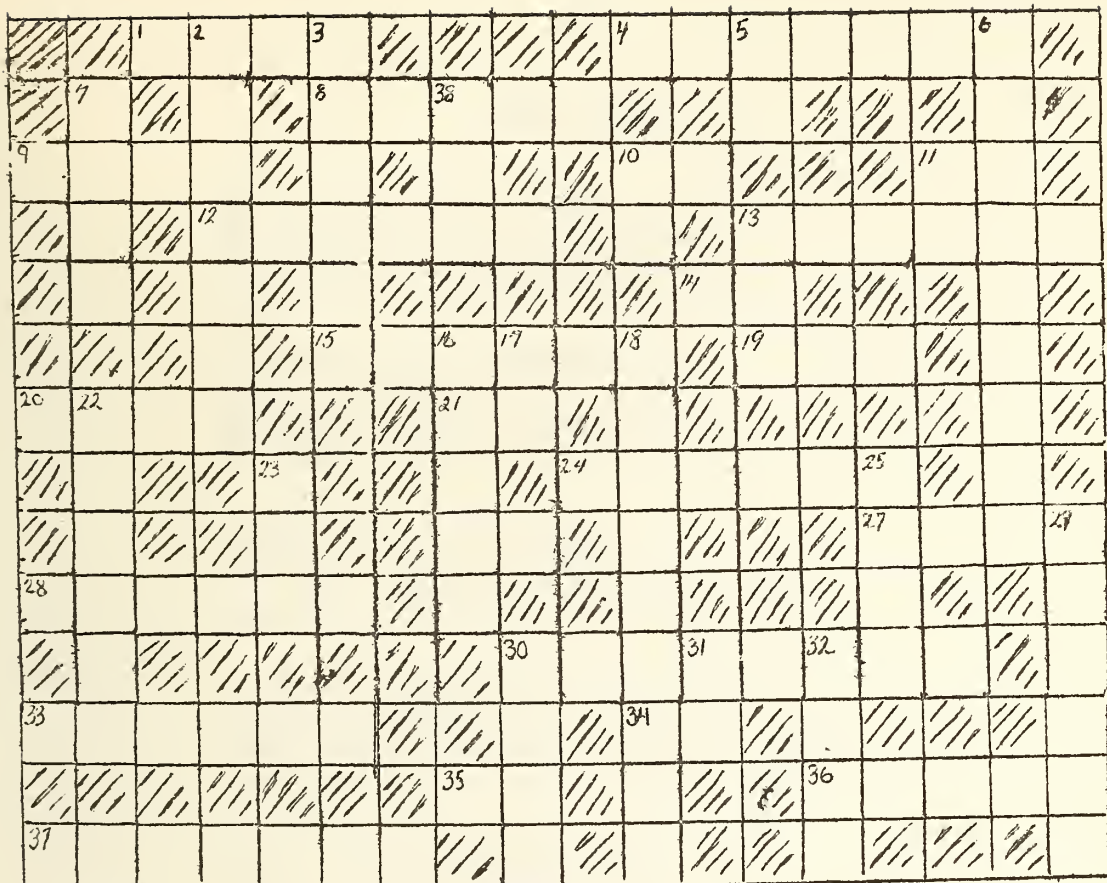
Thus was the tale,
 Of a night in June;
 And a fearsome gale,
 That sank "Brig O'doon".

Michael Stewart
 Form II
 Age 13.

THE QUEST

The breakers roll in three on three
 Their source is too far off to see;
 The great expanse is under lock,
 For fog hangs heavy o'er sea and rock.
 The fishing boat is heard, not seen,
 As it glides across the water's sheen.
 The fog-horn moans, beyond one's vision,
 And cuts through the fog like a knife's incision.
 But when the haze has burned away,
 And skies of blue replace the grey,
 When once again the world is light,
 The sea-gulls continue their questing flight.

Rory Burton
 Form III
 Age 14.



ACROSS

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. What Hippies want free.... | 28. A site, or scene; area | 23. nothing |
| 4. A narrow strip of land connecting two larger bodies of land | 30. having a harsh sound | 25. to lend to |
| 8. A letter that can be sounded by itself | 33. sensory membrane of the eye | 29. instrument of measure, plural (not a ruler) |
| 9. A long narrow flat-bottomed boat | 34. to switch _____ | 30. lava from a volcano |
| 10. A greeting | 35. abbreviation for Mother | 31. to enter |
| 11. not; without | 36. Latin for between | 32. to issue; to give out |
| 12. an official decision | 37. An animal with one horn | |
| 13. a small crude wood shelter | | |
| 14. An exclamation | | |
| 15. to pass away (of time) | | |
| 19. large humped ox found in Central Asia | | |
| 20. a long, deep breath of grief etc. | | |
| 21. a two letter note | | |
| 24. belonging to the air | | |
| 26. personal pronoun in neut. | | |
| 27. Latin for once upon a time | | |

DOWN

- | |
|--|
| 2. swift two-toed bird of North Africa |
| 3. what the apes did |
| 5. two letter note |
| 6. one who guards or watches |
| 7. British slang for pound (money) |
| 11. not; without |
| 16. to add on to |
| 17. abbreviation for father |
| 18. a negative charge of electricity |
| 22. to pay no attention to |

THAT'S LIFE

Life is very hard today;
 You work much more for food,
 But when you get your money home,
 You find out it's devalued.

Hippies down in San Francisco,
 Rooting in the streets,
 Work for love and brotherhood,
 But don't want to work to eat.

Socialism's taking over,
 Medicare's the word today;
 But what's the good of all this help
 When taxes take more from your pay.

"Out of Vietnam: and "Ban the Bomb"
 Ring out 'cross the college lawn.
 The Students are sure that it's wrong to hate,
 But their lives aren't Hell in Saigon.

Rich is the life that's led today
 In the affluent generation;
 When you think of the life in days gone by,
 What reason have we for elation?

Derek Kennedy
 Form V
 Age 16.

COURAGEOUS CAROL SINGERS

A few weeks before the Christmas vacation, five girls from Forms 1 - 5, Johara Steiner, Sheila Mann, Sheri Richardson, Kathy Gray, and Susan Sadler, went carol-singing to raise money for UNICEF. Despite a torrential downpour of rain that would have discouraged all but the bravest or the stupidest, we kept on and sang at enough doorsteps to earn \$14.00. After that we went back to Susan's for what we decided was a well-earned celebration for the success of our efforts.

Sheri Richardson
 Form III
 Age 14.

FRENCH CLUB

M. Batiot has organized a French Club for all Upper School students interested in improving their conversational French and learning more about France. There was a good attendance at the start but the regular attendance at the Tuesday afternoon meetings was not as high as had been hoped for. The Club has engaged in such activities as listening to French records and reading and discussing French books and magazines. At the present time the Club is engaged in preparing a scene from a famous French play, which, it is hoped, will be ready by Open House.

Sheri Richardson Form III Age 14.

A COMMON PROBLEM

Two small figures stood on an empty plain worshipping the moon. I watched them from below. They looked the same, except that one of them was a little smaller than the other. The moon, which had chained itself to the plain, cast their shadows far across the barren surface. The bigger turned and looked at the other while pointing to a star near the weakening moon. "That's where you really belong", he said, "That is where they really understand you, hell, we can hardly even communicate." The other looked puzzled. "Communicate?" "See! this set-up is useless, I am the stronger, and this is my planet, get out." "I won't", said the smaller creature, with his frail, sheet metal body moving in jerks, and his long shadow hopping around all over the ground. "You are plainly inferior, you speak an outmoded language, and your manners are crude. You are no friend of mine." The moon was getting weaker, it was lowering every minute. Their shadows grew longer and larger. "Look!" shouted the larger. "Look at the moon, it is lowering in the sky and our shadows grow larger. When mine fills the whole planet, you must be exterminated." "Please, no...Sir!" The time came and the sheet metal mouth of the large being crinkled. "It is time". The little creature felt a great surge of pain, and was separated from the island of the universe. The moon frowned, but could do nothing. Lately she had become such a weak power that she could do nothing for anyone. It was sad. I watched from below.

Brian Hanington
Form V
Age 16.





DEBATING CLUB

1st row: D. Tripp, S. Richardson, G. Heggie, R. Richardson, P. Trapnell

2nd row: I. Youle, K. Chopra, W. Hutchinson, C. Jannasch, W. Price, J. Glube, A. Finley



RECORDING PUBLIC SPEAKING - Form 4



"CABIN'D, CRIBB'D, CONFIN'D"



THE UP AND DOWN STAIRCASE



WE LOST!

HOMEWORK

With a great sigh he begins
 And, taking his books,
 Forms a neat pyramid up on the table,
 Imagines the pharoahs in long, rich processions,
 With himself leading donkeys, and clearing the way.

The structure not worthy,
 It repeatedly changes,
 Becoming a tower
 That mounts higher and higher
 Until, bombed with peas, it suddenly falls.

"Son," cries a voice from the staircase behind him
 "Deadline's ten-thirty,
 And examinations begin tomorrow.
 So leave your toys be
 And make a good effort."

With a great flourish
 The heading is written
 But the pen will dry out
 And, to the boy's joy,
 Must be refilled.

A blot is soon made,
 Is changed to a boat,
 With nets and with sailors,
 Great whales blowing fountains,
 And long oars complete.

A happy half-hour spent on this art work,
 The father again calls,
 "What have you done?"
 And answering him with a faint little murmur
 The student begins to do serious work.

Another half-hour
 The scratching stops,
 For he hears a cat
 And taking forth a wonderful whistle
 Calls the puss in evident pleasure.

That is a lion and he's in the jungle
 (Hear the cockatoos cry
 And the natives wail?)
 His ferocious, daring, might cunning
 Captures his wary and dangerous prey.

A step in the hallway
 Reminds him of study
 And quickly he takes out a book to learn;
 However, the father sees the bright title
 "Old Mighty, the King of the Plain".

HOMEWORK, Cont'd.

"What, boy? You've been truly deceiving
 Your mother and father
 So dear and so sweet?
 Take that and take that to help you remember,
 And also, the deadline is minutes away."

A great cry shakes the walls
 Of the suffering household,
 "But, Father, there's so much work to do.
 How will I pass, if you keep insisting
 That I go to sleep at this unearthly hour?"

But the son follows duty,
 Is most quickly obedient,
 And, with a flashlight under the blankets,
 Reads his Old Mighty until early next morning
 When the batteries fail and sleep overtakes him.

Christine Jannasch
 Form II
 Age 13.

ONE PEBBLE

Around the trees grow tall and straight,
 Their foliage bright and green,
 Beyond these trees the mountains stand,
 Worn and beaten, a sign of ages past,
 The fresh clean water in the streams,
 Runs brightly sparkling to and fro,
 The squirrels and skunks and other beasts,
 Make their homes upon this land.
 What glories can a pebble see!

Ann Aslin
 Form IV
 Age 16.

"PLAYING HOOKY"

Every year the senior art class has a major project which occupies the greater part of their time in the Art Room. This year the twenty-three students of Form III are hooking a rug with colourful scraps of wool begged from parents and friends. It is a very ambitious project as the size of the rug is nine feet by six feet and every square inch has to be hooked.

The project started early in the school year when we elected two of our number to make an overall design for the rug. The two elected students submitted their designs to the class to vote on. Then the chosen design had to be transferred to the burlap on which the rug would be hooked so the two designers spent a day at Mrs. Fox's house doing the job.

When the burlap, complete with design, was brought to the school, each student drew a number from a box to see which section would be his. Wool scraps were beginning to accumulate and at last the hooking could begin.

From the moment the hooking began and all through the months while the work was in process, the enthusiasm of the hookers never wained. Almost every lunch hour and art club, groups of students would be working on the rug. Each student had a section of the main design in which he could put any patterns and colours he wished so long as the outline of the main design was hooked in the school colours of green and gold.

Even at the week-ends the rug was not forgotten. On two week-ends about nine or ten students went to Mrs. Fox's house for two very successful hook-ins. Each time the group went there on a Friday evening and stayed until Saturday night hooking a large part of the time.

So many people have taken an interest in our rug, that there was some discussion as to its fate. At first it was suggested auction or raffle it. However, we have put so much work into it that we hate to see it leave the school. We still have to agree on where the rug will eventually be placed but it has now definitely been decided to keep it somewhere in the school.

We hope to have the rug finished by open house in May. I think everyone concerned will be a little sad when it is completed for it will seem strange not to have it to work on. Even so, it will be satisfying to see what we have accomplished this year in art class and know that it will last for a long, long time.

Claire Wilson
Form III
Age 14.

"THREE YEARS SHE GREW"

(With a Bow to Mr. Wordsworth)

I saw her and I loved her.
 I met her and I loved her.
 I loved her and I loved her.
 But she only liked me.

But I was constant...
 Always there at the right time,
 Always there for the right thing...
 And she began to grow to me.

She grew to me for three years
 Three years she knew me..
 Liked me...
 Loved me...

I saw her grow...
 I watched her grow...
 I loved her grow.

Three great years she warmed to me..
 Grew to me.
 My other self now with me...
 Became me..
 Was me.

Three years she was of me and in me,
 Yet close to me
 And somehow beside me.
 My other self both self and other.

Three years she was this,
 Then she died,
 And I'm only half.

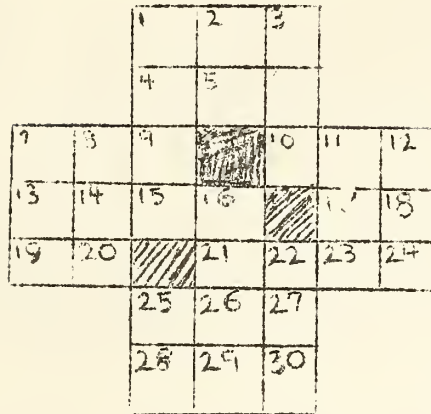
William Hutchinson
 Form V
 Age 16.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 35

ACROSS: 1) love 4) isthmus 8) vowel 9) pint 10) hi 11) an 12) ruling
 13) shanty 14) ho 15) elapse 19) yak 20) sigh 21) fa 24) aerial 26) it
 27) olim 28) locale 30) strident 33) retine 34) on 35) ma 36) inter
 37) unicorn.

DOWN: 2) ostrich 3) evolve 5) ti 6) sentinel 7) quid 11) an 16) affix
 17) pa 18) election 22) ignore 23) nil 25) loan 29) meters 30) slag
 31) in 32) emit.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

DOWN

1. important in History
2. 3rd person singular neuter
3. opposite of old
7. Indian word
8. respect
11. finish
12. female deer
16. the blacksmith _____ the horse
22. anger
25. the same as #17 across

ACROSS

1. noise
4. past tense of eat
7. headgear
10. to marry
13. is indebted to
17. opposite of yes
19. 1st person plural
21. _____ and seek
25. neither _____
28. _____ to Billy Joe

Sheri Richardson
Form III
Age 14 years.

THE MAN WHO WAS EVERYWHERE

George Bankcroft first saw the man in the neighbourhood on a Thursday afternoon on his way home from the bus stop. He was tall and thin with an unmistakably English look.

On Friday evening George saw him again. The man must have been living in the newly built apartment block nearby.

It was during the next week, that more than ever, George seemed to notice the Englishman's everlasting presence. George saw him on the downtown bus and again at the little Chinese restaurant where he always ate his lunch.

After this George lost all powers of concentration, his mind would wander always to the thought of the Englishman. He tried at first to pass this off as a coincidence, but still, this was a big town and the odds against meeting the same person every weekday were almost impossible.

On the week-end it became very clear to George that the Englishman was following him. He had gone to a basketball game in the next town and the Englishman had taken the seat right behind him.

That night George confided in his wife about this strange Englishman. She dismissed his ideas as silly, asking why on earth would anyone want to follow him.

As the months wore on, George would see this man as many as four times a week.

At last George lost his cool. As he had been walking up to the grocery store to get a head of lettuce for the salad that night, he saw the Englishman again. George walked up to him and demanded, "Why are you following me?" The Englishman looked down his nose and said coldly, "You must be mistaken." At this point George lost his last reserve of coolness. In a seething tone of voice he said, "I'm not mistaken and you had better stop following me."

Again George tried to confide in his wife and again she dismissed his ideas. George said, "It's driving me nuts. This Englishman is following me but why?" George's wife broke in "I can see absolutely no reason for anyone to follow you, but, if you insist in carrying on, why don't you call the police." George got up and walked out slamming the door behind him.

As George walked down the street towards the corner store to buy a package of cigarettes, a feeling began to rise in him. It was the feeling that the Englishman would be waiting for him somewhere along the route. If so, he would finish this once and for all.

As George turned the corner he saw the Englishman standing by the path leading towards the railroad tracks. When George sprinted towards him the Englishman took off down the path.

Faster and faster he ran but always ahead was the Englishman. As he stopped, out of breath, so did the Englishman. George's eye caught the shimmering of a watch band. It was a signal to follow. George started to run again, cautiously now, for the going was dangerous, for only a few feet separated them from the railroad tracks, a twenty foot drop.

In the distance there was the low pitched whistle of the Sandrock express.

Ahead the Englishman rounded a brick wall jutting almost to the edge of the embankment. He was out of sight for a moment but George almost had him. George rounded the wall and saw, too late, that the Englishman was waiting. The man's big hands came at him, a push, George was falling sideways clawing helplessly at the air.

As he hit the tracks, George saw that the Sandrock express was almost upon him, filling all space with its terrible sound... Some time later the tall Englishman peered through a cloud of blue cigarette smoke at the graceful figure of Linda Bankcroft and remarked, "As I said at the beginning of all this, my dear, a proper murder is the ultimate game of skill..."

Christopher Hase
Form II
Age 13.

THE ATTITUDE

Last Monday night before dinner, as I sat watching "Gazette", a lady, who was being interviewed was sponsoring a North American physical fitness program. I turned to my Father and said, "Dad, I will bet you two bits that Rube Hornstein will ask who is fitter, the average American or the average Canadian. I won the bet. This action of Rube Hornstein's demonstrates an attitude of Canadians in general.

Canadians, because of their proximity to the United States and their integral relationship with it, compare themselves constantly to Americans. Americans never compare themselves with Canadians. I believe this comparison attitude stems from the fact that Canadians are trying to prove themselves superior to Americans. However, in their comparisons, Canadians seem to find the bad sides of the United States to compare with. Consequently, this comparison attitude is most irritating to an American in this Country. A noted history professor explained this annoying attitude well: "Canadians, when looking at the United States, are like someone, who, forgetting the attractive countryside, turns over stones to find slugs."

This slug-finding shows up everywhere. Magazines such as Maclean's and Commentator feature weekly articles which degrade the United States. For example, just last week, Maclean's had two articles that had portraits of the seamy side of American life. One of them had an interview with Doctor Spock, who had a great time condemning the war in Vietnam and President Johnson. The Commentator has to cover its American section James M. Minifee, who is a very anti-American. I can honestly say, after reading his articles for a long time, I have yet to see a good word put in for the United States. Unfortunately, this comparison attitude goes beyond the press and into the schools.

In my sister's history class, her history teacher rather blatantly said that there was not any free speech in the United States. The teacher had never been in the States, but she knew anyway.

I once had an article written by an M.P. from the West concerned with Anti-Americanism in Canada. Unfortunately, I lost this article. However, he had stated in this article that Canadians get the incorrect or one-sided view of the racial situation, and the war in Vietnam. He pointed out that the only Negro leaders interviewed in Canada were black militants, who were filled with passionate hate. He also said that C.B.C. had never mentioned any of the racial breakthroughs which had occurred in the United States. The work of Vista and the head start program are notable examples of breakthrough in the racial problems. However, the most striking quotation in this article came from a Canadian Minister working in Vietnam. He said that the Canadian Press acted as though it took its news from Radio Hanoi. This accusation I realize is a bit strongly worded, but the idea is still there.

But what about a young Canadian growing up today? Subjected to this "slug-finding" in his newspapers and friends, he will become captious, too. This fault-finding may oblivate Canadian feelings of national inferiority by finding the seamy side of United States culture. But by create more hostility between the two countries than there already is? For a prolific relationship between the two countries is mutually beneficial for both nations. - Charles Gluek, Form IV, Age 16.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

All is quiet,
What stirred?
The wind?

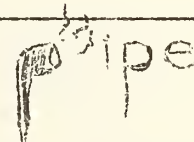
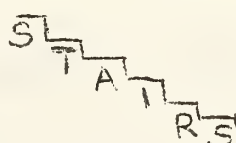




When will it start?
When will it end?
Whose fault was it?

That solitary button,
Ready to let forth the anger of a Nation to destroy all,
Who is responsible?

The ignorance of the masses?
The cunning politician?
Or is it you?

H. Corston
Form III
Age 13.

WORD GAMES

TALL : small	 pipe
FAT : thin	 STAIRS
down : up	FL :  RIDA
look  Running	Swi  zerland
Spear →	 pistol

FORM 4

1st row: C. Morasch, A. Aslin, S. Nichols

2nd row: H. Barton, D. Rhude, G. Shulewicz, P. Mitchell
(Absent: C. Gluek, F. McGuire, E. Murphy)



STUDENT COUNCIL

1st row: M. Power, D. Scouler, D. Tripp

2nd row: M. Burnstein, P. Talbot, J. Rhude, S. Neal
(Absent: C. Fraser, C. Gluek)



THE FLIGHT OF SAM SMOE

Sometimes in December after the end of November,
As the fields lie in blankets of snow;
I will always remember that tale which does render,
The sorrowful life of Sam Smoe.

Oh, the parents did know that their son Sam Smoe,
Had been puffing just lately on weed,
But they had just been guessing that he was not progressing,
To something more drastic indeed.

To me he had said with a nod of his head,
"That trip was much higher than before;
I did not come down, my head spun around,
Yet I kept asking for more and more.

The next day I returned for I still hadn't earned
The pleasures of wonderful trips;
The pills went around as we lay on the ground,
Then the gel we pushed, passed our lips.

The ground turned red with the swelling of my head,
People became living cartoons;
My head, it flew; my legs, they grew
My eyes became blazing full moons.

We laughed, we cried; reality died,
Our hearts lighted up like fire;
Then we finally landed our minds had expanded,
Though we stayed a little bit higher."

And in this way ran the life of this man,
For drugs, he thought, made his mind grow,
But all the while he was ordaining this trial,
He forgot that his name was Sam Smoe.

So this man who didn't know that his name was Sam Smoe,
He wandered from shore to shore;
Those drugs he bought, to expand his mind, he thought,
He burned, and bought no more.

Sam's terrible plight was a terrible fight,
That everyone should know,
There is a lesson to learn by all who turn,
To a horrible life, like Sam Smoe.

Paul Trapnell
Form II
Age 13.

THE PLASTIC PEOPLE

The Plastic People they're at Salem
 Watching the Witch Burnings
 The Mona Lisa descends from the reference shelves
 While talking to the Truant Officers,
 She's telling them that Jean-Paul Belmonds
 Has looked off to the Wooden World
 And the mechanics of the Sentence,
 Who've been listening all the while,
 Take the Pottery Head from the teacher's desk
 And feed it to the plastic pencil sharpener.

Then Cap'n. Squid, who's been with Ginsberg
 While they both recorded the Tape Recorder,
 Walks of sniffing assorted dump trucks
 And memorizing portions of the Bible.
 And the fisherman telling people of the fact
 That the Natives are restless
 While the war clubs beat his brains in.
 Then Albert Einstein picks up all the pieces
 And sells them to Auto World in New York
 To be made into a model kit.

The principal has his students taught,
 Safe, in the Black Hole of Calcutta
 While the race riot rages 'round them.
 Superman, he's out drafting chemists
 To make drugs for them in Haight-Ashbury
 And then all the Naptha gas
 Is passed down through the chimney flue
 To ancients long ago, who spread it
 On their chessboards, and take pleasure
 In saying, "Th-Th-Th-Th-That's all, Folks!"

Jay Perry
 Form IV
 Age 16.



PHILATELY

Many people looking for an interesting hobby to start always pass up philately, because it seems so complicated or expensive to them, but this is not so. You do not have to be a very rich person to be a philatelist and, if one approaches stamp collecting in the right way, it can become an enjoyable hobby.

But this will not come to happen unless you start a collection in the proper manner. You should visit a stamp dealer (Scotia Stamp Studio 1652 Barrington St.) and have him show you the best type of album he has for sale which is within your budget. You should also purchase from him a world packet of one or two thousand stamps, a pair of "stamp tweasers", a packet of hinges, and a magnifying glass. Now that you have the essentials you are ready to begin the hobby of philately.

The first thing you should do when you get home is open the packet and sort the stamps into the separate piles. In the first pile put all the stamps with names of countries which you can recognize; in the second put all the stamps with names of countries you are not quite sure about; and in the third pile put all the stamps with names of countries you do not recognize. Now take the first pile and put the stamps into alphabetical order and then put the stamps into your album, following the directions on how to use stamp hinges. When you finish putting your stamps into your album, turn to the front of the album where you will find a stamp identifier which you can use with the second and third piles to put these stamps into the first pile. Now repeat the process with the new first pile that you used with the old first pile.

Now that you have mounted your packet, you will want to know how to enlarge your collection. This can be done in two ways. The first way is by buying packets of each country of the world, but although this will increase your collection it will be very expensive. The second way is by asking your friends' fathers and your relatives to give you all the stamps which they receive in the mail. Now you can not mount the stamps with paper on them, so what you must do is pour hot water into a pan, then put some of your stamps into the pan. Wait for a while and then take the stamps off the paper; do this over and over again until all your stamps are off the paper. Now place these stamps on wax paper, then place the wax paper between two sheets of Scott towel and then place some heavy books on top. After a few hours the stamps should be dry and then you can mount them.

Soon you will start to get duplicates, and you must not throw these away but put them in a stock book. Then you can trade these stamps with friends or with the stamp dealers for stamps you do not have.

The next thing you should do is buy a Scott's Stamp Catalogue for it is the most valuable source of information a stamp collector has.

After a while you will find that it is very hard to complete a world collection, so you may want to specialize in one topic such as art or in a country. Eventually you may complete this collection and you will want to go into new fields of the hobby such as collecting plate-blocks.

The best way to start a specialized collection is by buying a collection on that area. Eventually, when you complete this album, you may wish to write up your collection from information in the album and the Scott's Catalogue. You should also try to obtain the new stamps as they come out.

So, as you can see, stamp collecting can become an enjoyable and fun-filled hobby.

J. B. Glube,
Form III
Age 13 years.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 43

ACROSS

1. din
4. ate
7. hat
10. wed
13. owes
17. no
19. we
21. hide
25. nor
28. ode

DOWN

1. date
2. it
3. new
7. how
8. awe
11. end
12. doe
16. shod
22. vie
25. no

THE RACIAL CONFERENCE

On March 9th a group of students from the school went with Mr. De to a racial conference at Graham Creighton High School in Dartmouth. The first topic on the agenda was a speech given by Mrs. Pearl Oliver about the history of the Negro in Nova Scotia. After Mrs. Oliver's excellent speech, we watched a movie on prejudice. After that we were divided into twelve separate groups in which we discussed the ways in solving racial discrimination. After that reports were given by a reporter from each group about what they did and achieved in each group. After all the reports were given, we received refreshments and the rest of the conference was devoted to social activities.

John B. Glube,
Form III
Age 13 years.

TO ISRAEL

לְיִשְׂרָאֵל

Golden Land, my land,
When will you know eternal peace?
From the eastern hills
To Mount Zion in David's City.
From the northern kibbutzim
To the southern soldiers.
Once you knew only peace,
But now this is only a dream.

Abraham had two sons.
And he didn't know that in a future time
The sons will be enemies.
And fight at all times.
These Arabs do not know
That Israel is for the Jews;
All the death, it isn't needed
Peace -- this is needed in Israel.

But the ram's horn will cry out aloud,
And all the land will rejoice,
And to Israel there will be a great peace,
And the enemies will be friends.
A new sun will shine in the heavens,
There will be peace to all men,
O, golden land, my land,
When will you know eternal peace?

Bernard Newman,
Form V
Age 17.

אָרץ זָהָב, אֶרֶץ שָׁלוֹם
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב
מִהָרֵי מִזְרָח, עַד מִהָרֵי מַעֲרָב

הִיא עֲבָרָה בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְכָל יָמֶיךָ בְּיָמֶיךָ
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם
עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ יִהְיֶה שָׁלוֹם

אֶרֶץ שָׁלוֹם, יִקְרָא גִּבּוֹר,
וְכָל הָאָדָם יִשְׁמָחוּ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ
וְיִשְׁמָחוּ - עַד בְּיָמֶיךָ

THE JUDGE

The responsibilities of Nations rest in my hands
My countenance bears the decisions of races
I am the mighty one, the all-powerful
Intractable, eternal and unquestionable
My slaves grovel at my feet.
Do they work to live, or live to work for me?
I am needed by all,
Sought by all,
Gained by few,
And lost by many
They call me Time.

Katherine Gray
Form IV
Age 15.

AMERICAN SOUL CHANT #23747

Hobble down the worn out road,
 A cloud of dust comes wheelin' down,
 You see the sights you only read about -
 While the dead farmer's son cries out "Denver Bound".
 I decide to take my time on this special jaunt,
 Put on the brakes and holler back -
 "You're goin' to Denver?"
 "Ain't comin' back."
 It was ten-thirty-five on a sweltering day
 When I picked up the boy - he was seventeen.
 Called himself Ulysses W. Thomas
 "Boy, them Denver women is pretty mean."
 "Wall, I'm a grown-up now and can handle myself;
 Been workin' six years in a pretty bad drought -
 Ain't gotten no rain since my pappy died."
 The kid was confident - I'd let him find out.
 At ten-thirty we pulled into Denver - left the truck.
 We walked empty streets that were narrow and long
 And after ten minutes of long hard searchin' found a bar.
 The boy was stunned - "Where the people gone?"
 The bartender yawned and poured me the usual
 And slowly turned to Ulysses and said,
 "Boy, what do you expect here in Denver -
 After the draft came - all the boys dead!"
 Well, the boy, he looked at me kind of puzzled.
 The city was quiet - we heard not a sound.
 "They only draft the men - what about the women?"
 "With no men here, why should women stick around?"

Paul Talbot
 Form III
 Age 14.

SCIENCE CLUB

This year the Halifax Grammar School Science Club began its schedule in September. We meet every Saturday morning from 10:00 to 12:00 a.m.

While in previous years the emphasis has been on physics experiments, this year we have been doing chemistry. The first thing we did was make crystals of copper ammonium sulphate and other solutions. After this, we experimented with explosive mixtures; with just a few chemicals and some ordinary sugar one can produce bright coloured flames. Then we did a little copper plating and some electrolysis of solutions. The first time we tried to make sulphuric acid, part of our apparatus blew up (too fast a reaction, with too small an outlet); there was diluted nitric acid all over the place. One member's sweater was covered with brown splashes. Fortunately, nobody was hurt.

So far, we have had a pretty good season and we plan to have a number of interesting displays at the Open House.

Allen Finley
 Form III
 Age 13.

NO ESCAPE!

Bill Smithers was a small part-time publisher, who lived by himself in a lonely, downtown flat in the slums of New York. He liked to take walks in the evening before he went to bed.

One night, around eleven-thirty, Smithers was returning from his usual evening walk. As he was hanging up his coat, a shrill ring sounded behind him. He thought to himself as he went to the telephone, "Who would be calling me at this time of night?" He picked up the receiver and asked who was speaking. No one seemed to reply, so, Smithers thinking that it was some kind of prank, started to put the receiver down. Just then a low, moaning, sepuchral voice came from the receiver he held in his hand.

"At midnight, you will die Smithers! That I promise you."

Smithers' blood froze at these words. He quickly answered, "Who is this? Is this some kind of joke?"

There was no answer, and with a loud click, the telephone went dead! Smithers just stood there, as if his feet were planted to the floor. His mind was working furiously.

"Why would anyone want to kill me?" he thought.

A feeling of fear swept over his body. He sought frantically for the door.

He was getting out of here fast. He wasn't going to stick around to be murdered! You could bet your life on it!" he thought.

He turned into a street as fast as he could, always looking back anxiously. Smithers longed to get to the lights and crowds of the city where he could mingle and hide. His pace quickened as he grew, more and more nervous. He looked at his watch. It was one minute to twelve! He was nearing the end of the street. He reached the end and turned the corner. All of a sudden, Smithers stopped dead in his tracks. His face was contorted with horror. There before him stood "The Grim Reaper", the symbol of death, holding his great scythe! Smithers nerves broke, in blind panic he turned to run. He stumbled on the hard concrete of the sidewalk. Then it spoke, "You can't escape me, Smithers! You can't escape death!"

....but Smithers did not hear him, for Smithers was dead!

Ian McCulloch, Form II, Age 13.

"POWER"

Like a great red ball he rolls around,
That sun way up in the sky,
He is so proud for he is King,
Of all that is down here aground.
The sun covets man's world for himself,
He does not shrink at killing,
That despot fierce way up in the sky,
He knows he has top billing.
The little boy to the drug store went,
He was looking for some shade and cool,
A large chocolate ice cream was his purchase,
To cool his throat from the burning sun.
On seeing this the sun went mad,
He called to the boy, "Stay hot like me,
For I am your great master.
Your ice cream must die to please my vanity."
So on the bare ground he laid it
Without struggle, without a cry,
It did not flinch; it did not run.
The ice cream stood melting in the sun.

Charles Fraser, Form V, Age 17.

BALLAD OF H.G.S. DETENTIONS

Every day at half past three
 There's always someone staying in.
 Some for studying,
 Most for being bad.
 Some are regulars
 Others are oddballs
 Having got mixed in something
 Or having accidentally
 Forgotten to do their homework.

Some rooms have always got a detained,
 Others barely ever have,
 Like the room numbered 206,
 For who would dare to do wrong in there.
 But then the classroom of 201
 Usually has an average of four or five.
 The rest have relatively few
 Except for room 203;
 He may decide to clamp down.

However, it's never too bad.
 The worst that happens is to mop
 The corridor floor from end to end,
 Or to clean up room 203.
 Dust it, wash it, along with all the lab stuff
 And then to put it all back, that can be pretty bad.

Christopher vonMaltzahn
 Form II
 Age 12.

OUR VICTORY

Early this Winter the girls of the Grammar School challenged the boys to a hockey game. Our team included all the girls of the Upper School grades and was coached by Mrs. Cassidy.

As the game got underway it became quite obvious that the girls were going to lose by a large margin. Gradually, all of us slipped on to the ice until we outnumbered the boys about 15 to 7. We also made use of an extra puck which Johara Steiner hit in the net when eyes were not on her.

One of the boys in particular helped us a great deal. John Crace donned a sort of kerchief and became part of the girls' team. It was he who got the majority of our goals.

The final score was 10-7 in favour of the girls. This was, of course, disputed but we finally emerged victorious.

Ann Aslin
 Form IV
 Age 16.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DO NOT SUCCEED...."

"If at first you do not succeed, try, try and try again," has been the technique of many famous people. Of course, they did not always succeed, but a large portion of them did.

It was useful to Simon Bolivar when he was trying to gain freedom for the people of South America. When all odds were against him, he fought for freedom and succeeded; then all of South America celebrated his success and he gained great fame throughout the world.

When Sir Andrew was dying in a battle, his men had given it up as lost, he yelled at his men and told them to keep on fighting and they won that battle.

When Bruce was just about to give up fighting for the freedom of Scotland, he saw a spider swinging from one rafter to another. One, two, three...eight times the spider failed to climb onto the rafter, but on the ninth try, he did succeed. Bruce thought about what he had just seen and compared it with his own situation. He had tried to free Scotland eight times, from the English rule, but each time he had failed miserably. Now he was about to surrender, but the spider had changed his mind. He decided to try for the ninth time and he tried hard. Now all Scotland worships Bruce and the spider that made him famous.

But the time it is most useful is in our everyday life. You could resolve to keep working at something until you succeed. You could resolve to keep a certain standard of marks in school or resolve to condition yourself for sports.

In the future it could be useful in trying to keep peace and trying to avoid wars as much as possible. It would also be useful in helping the people in India; in space exploration or promoting education throughout the world.

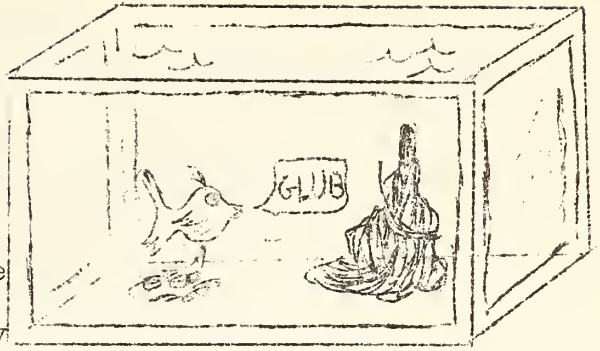
It is not useful when you are fighting for a "lost cause". In other words, one must determine if a thing is possible before expending effort on it.

It is obvious that this saying, (If at first you don't succeed.. ...), forms an important part of human nature.

Ian Smith
Form II
Age 13.

OUR CLASS AQUARIUM

In late January we began our class aquarium. We were quite pleased at the thought of having a project for ourselves. As I am interested in tropical fish, I was quite willing to spend some of my time preparing the aquarium for the fish.



Many aquarists, especially beginners, ask too much of the "scavengers".

It is unreasonable to expect any creature to take all undesirable matter out of an aquarium and destroy it or keep the glass clearer than the aquarist himself. Such scavengers are: catfishes, tadpoles, fresh-water mussels, and fresh water shrimp. Snails are also scavengers. They have earned this name because they eat left-over food not consumed by the fish. Beginners must learn that they cannot, unassisted, make a polished parlor of the aquarium.

Plants are another important requirement in an aquarium. They serve as purifiers and beautifiers. Such plants should be healthy with long stalks and stable roots.

The keeping of an aquarium requires a great deal of care if it is to become successful and a thrill to one who watches it.

At the present time we have two miniature sharks, one swordtail and a few smaller fish. The sharks are almost one and one-half inches in length. Fortunately, they will not grow larger. Their bodies are jet-black with bright orange tails. They eat a great deal and they like to play with each other in the shadows of the tank.

Our angel-fish has black and silver markings with a bit of a cream colour. Their correct name is pterophyllum, which means "winged leaf."

An aquarium is not only something to look at but a fascinating hobby.

Christina Buhr
Form II
Age 13.

WHAT'S WHAT

What is Life without Love?
What was Noah without his dove?
What is a man without his soul?
What is a mole without a hole?
What is a see-saw without two people?
What is a Church without a steeple?
What are toys without youth?
What is honesty without truth?
And what are you?
Tell me, too.

Robert Richardson
Form II
Age 12.

POINT OF VIEW

I arrived in Canada from England in February 1967 and the following contrasts of English and Canadian attitudes and school systems are based on my observations since then.

The first impression I got was of the tremendous competition between different manufacturers. Beneath a cloak of courtesy and patience shown towards customers, there is an aggressive and highly pressurized salesmanship. For example, within two weeks of our arrival, we had at least four hospitality club representatives visit us with the same map of Halifax plus a number of specimen products including a yardstick from one of the builder's stores. The minute we stepped off the boat we were accosted by a seller of a certain type of tea - very apt since the boat was straight from England - but it shows how their minds work.

The salesmen tend to come to the customers and put themselves out to give the best service with efficiency and punctuality. During the process of buying a car, we were allowed to use it for our own convenience and were driven to the Shopping Centre on one occasion.

In Britain, the opposite attitude is generally apparent. The salesmen are slower moving and less willing to please. For example, the shops will not accept purchases back unless you can prove some fault in the manufacture. Also, they are less courteous and patient and always expect you to be chasing after them.

It is this complacency amongst workmen as well as salesmen that is contributing to Britain's difficulties. The trade unions have become too powerful and their one objective is shorter hours with more pay. They blame the government for the bad state of affairs instead of looking at themselves for the answers.

The English school system is entirely different to the Canadian. Up to the age of eleven years, all children are educated together in primary schools. At eleven everyone takes the controversial "11+" exam and for most kids this is the turning point in their lives. If they pass, they go on to a state Grammar School or a private school. In both of these schools, averaging about 1,000 students they can get a good education. If they fail the exam, they go to a Secondary Modern School where it is usually only the ambitious students who do well. The majority of these schools are rough-houses where the students don't have much inspiration to work. There are a large percentage of dropouts and it is from here that the so-called "lower class" emerge. At the early age of 11 friends are separated and children are made conscious of their "class." There is no contact whatsoever in the form of sports, societies and clubs between a Grammar and Secondary School and the pupils of each regard the other with scepticism. The exam and system will not be in operation much longer and already some Counties have abandoned them to make way for the co-educational schools. These are on the same basis as the Canadian High School and have 2 main advantages.

Firstly, the rich and poor alike are taught together and because of friendships set up between the two, they come to respect each other and disregard their unimportant differences. This does away with the class barrier.

Secondly, every pupil has an equal chance of success right through his school life and is less disturbed by other influences.

The university exams in England are certainly harder than those here because of the shortage of Universities there and at fifteen, a pupil has to specialize in 3 subjects only to reach the required standard. I took physics, chemistry and maths in preparation for Engineering but could not continue with English in which I was very deficient. On coming to Canada, I took a wider range of subjects which has been very beneficial for it is no use being in business if you can't express yourself. Therefore, I have profited by coming here.

In England there is still the tail end of the Victorian Era in the relationship between children and parents. There is a closer "family circle" where fathers still try to exercise their waning role as "head of the house" by subduing his children.

In the presence of other adults, children tend to be silent and there is an air of austerity and formality. In Canada, the gap between adults and children is not so large and there is generally a more casual atmosphere.

So far I have enjoyed my stay in this part of Canada and am looking forward to living in Ottawa from June onwards.

William Gray
Form V
Age 16.

THE CARAVAN

The sun beats down upon the sand
Its wilting heat and brilliant light.
The travellers of the caravan,
They shield their faces from the sight.

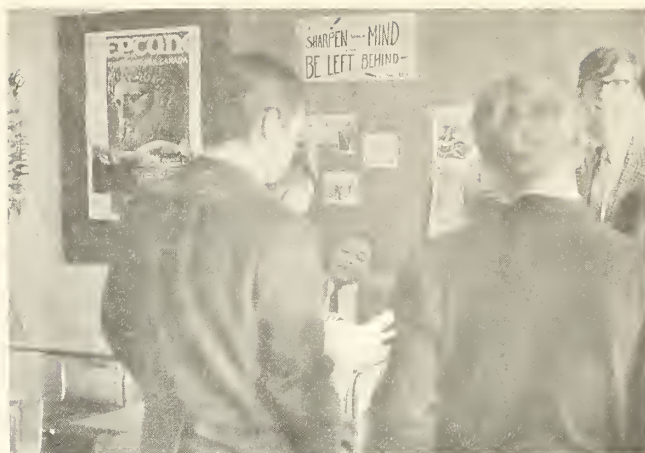
The figures against the desert's white
They trudge across the sands so cruel.
Their camels loaded with their wares.
Their horses, sheep and mules.

They glide across the burning sands
Into the endless sea
Of waves of sand and grassy dunes
Into infinity.

Ian McCulloch
Form II
Age 13.



HGS Balance: the physical and the mental.



Form 5 - Caucus



"Hook-in" at the Foxes"



Catch Me!!



The Phantom of the Opera - and the Shadow



The beginning of a hooked rug.



Your move!



Ross watches as Fraser misses by a hair.

TO LIVE AGAIN

The rain beats on the window-pane,
 A constant, dreary drone,
 That fills the room with its refrain,
 And I am all alone.

Alone I sit and wonder why,
 Those we love have had to die;
 Leaving to us ne'er a trace,
 But some dim memory of a face.

Why am I sitting here depressed,
 Thinking in such pain,
 Of those who have been laid to rest,
 And those we'll never see again?

The March wind whistles through the trees,
 And still my thoughts move on,
 Until they in the future see,
 A clearer, brighter dawn.

For very soon will come a time,
 When I'll not be alone;
 When once again in realms sublime,
 We'll meet around the Throne.

The sun has chased the clouds away,
 And with them goes my gloom;
 I rise to meet afresh the fray,
 And walk out of the room.

Claire Morash
 Form IV
 Age 16.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN

- The Tragedy of War

This could be one of your friends or relatives. He was born on a small farm in the deep South, the part where English is spoken in such a lackadasical manner that it is hard to understand. The day was bright and the sky cloudless when they christened him James Edward. In the peace of this beautiful land he grew into a fine lad. He always had enough to eat, clothes to wear and went to a fine school. James was strong and handsome, willing, even when he was young, to devote a great part of his time to help his Father on the farm. Under his Father's wise guidance, it seemed inevitable that he would one day own a large farm and grow the best cotton in the area. He dreamed that he would become as good a farmer as his Father.

And now it is ten years later and what do I see? Yes, James is full grown and what a fine young man he is, but why is he not on his farm and where is his crop? Why is he on that rocky hill dying from a gunshot wound, alone except for his dead companions.

Yes, he is a soldier. He is not old enough to vote but he is old enough to kill for his leaders. James has done what his Country asked him to and has been killed fulfilling his duty. Yes, he has proven that he is worthy of being one of his Country's citizens but was it worth it.

Douglas Tupper
Form V
Age 14.

JEALOUSY

T'was the very best day of a wonderful Summer,
My party tomorrow, my birthday today.
Tina was over to see all my presents,
Have some of the cake, and afterwards play.

I was happy and dancing, near shouting with pleasure.
I had got so much, and Tina was there.
She liked all the things - she 'specially told me -
And I had a wonderful dress to wear.

But then Tina cried out, overwhelmed by my treasures,
"It's not fair. You've so much. We have nothing," she vowed.
And blinded with tears, she ran away fighting
That strange evil, envy, that left me so cowed.

T'was the very worst day of a horrible Summer.
I had gotten so much and Tina had cried.
She liked all the things - she'd specially told me -
While, jealous, my wonderful gifts she had eyed.

Christine Jannasch
Form II
Age 13.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE

Most people are pretty sure they know exactly what the Bible is, but if anyone who knew the Bible well were to question the average person on what the Bible contains, the conversation might go like this:

QUESTIONER: "Now then, just what do you think the Bible is?"

ANSWERER: "Well, I'd say it's mainly a book of laws."

Q: "Laws? Would you say the Song of Songs is a book of laws?"

A: "Well, no. That's poetry. The Bible contains poetry, too."

Q: "I see. What about the Book of Proverbs? Is that a law book?"

A: "Ah, no. That's a collection of wise sayings."

Q: "How interesting. And the Book of Job? And Ecclesiastes? Do they contain laws?"

A: "Well not quite. I suppose those two ought to be classified under philosophical books, or books of wisdom."

Q: "What about a verse such as: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self?' If that's a law, how would you enforce it?"

A: "I admit that's not exactly a law. I'd call that a moral teaching. But I still say that the Bible contains laws. Doesn't it?"

Q: "I didn't say it didn't, although we seem to be having trouble finding any. But what about the chapters on King David and his descendants? Find any law there?"

A: "No that's history. The Bible also contains history. Anyway, that's something I'm sure of."

Q: "Are you? Then here's something for you to think about: In the Book of Kings, the Bible mentions Omri, king of Israel. We know a great many things about Omri. We know he was a powerful king, that he conquered the neighboring nation of Moab, that he formed an important alliance with another neighbor, Phoenicia, that he built a well-fortified capital and extended the boundaries of his kingdom. Now then, wouldn't a history book have described all these conquests? At the very least, wouldn't it have been mentioned?"

A: "Of course. That's just the sort of thing that makes history and that historians write about."

Q: "Then how do you explain the fact that the Bible doesn't even mention these accomplishments? The only reason we know they occurred is because archeologists found inscriptions on ancient records after digging in Moab and Assyria. The Bible dismisses the reign of Omri in five brief verses of Chapter Sixteen of the First Book of Kings, and concludes with the words: 'And Omri did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord.' Then it goes on to discuss the reign of his son, Ahab. If the Bible is a book of history, why do Omri's accomplishments get so little attention?"

A: "I don't know. I'm a little confused. Everything I always thought about the Bible seems to be wrong. Look, must you ask any more questions?"

Q: "Just one more, please; and you should be able to answer this one. As you know, history books usually have a point-of-view. Suppose for instance, you're reading about the American Revolution. If you're reading an American textbook, the farmers at Concord and the men who staged the Boston Tea Party are pictured as noble, brave patriots. But if you're reading a history book published in England, our heroes turn into traitors and rebels, and it's the Tories who are called loyal and patriotic. Now then, the Bible obviously doesn't think much of Omri, although he was a victorious Jewish king. You can be sure it wasn't written from the point of view of an ordinary patriotic Judean writer. But it certainly wasn't written from a Moabite point-of-view either. Now then, can you tell me from whose point of view the story of Omri was written?"

A: "I don't know and I wouldn't dare guess."

Q: "But I just gave it away. Remember the verse I just quoted: 'Omri did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord.'"

A: "Then...I'm probably wrong but... could it be..

And now the questioner says nothing. He merely nods encouragingly and smiles.

Murray Newman
Form II
Age 14.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

Der D e u t s c h e r V e r e i n der Halifax Grammatikschule hat nach den Weihnachtenferien anfangen. Es gibt jetzt zehn Glieden, und unsere Deutsche Lehrerin und Ratgeberin ist Frau von Maltzahn. Die Glieden herinbringen irgend etwas über Deutschland oder die Deutsche Sprache. Etwas Dinge sind, Bucher, Schallplatten, Briefmarken und Geld: beide Mark und Pfennige. Wir hoffen eine Schaustellung zu dem O f f e n H a u s der Halifax Grammatikschule zu haben.

GERMAN CLUB

The Halifax Grammar School's German Club began just after the Christmas vacation. There are now ten members and our German teacher and advisor is Mrs. vonMaltzahn. The members bring in anything concerning Germany or the German language. Some of the things are books, records, stamps and money, both marks and pfennigs. We hope to have a display at the Halifax Grammar School Open House.

Allen Finley
Form III
Age 13.

MAN FROM VERSAILLE

There once was a man from Versaille
Who was determined to fly
He crouched in heights heady
But never felt ready
'Til his wife gave a push and said "bye".

Robert Grant
Form I
Age 13.



HUNTING SOUVENIRS

Souvenirs have always held a certain fascination for me. Whether just some pebbles and sand collected in shoes, or an expensive conglomeration hunted in some elaborate gift shop, I always make sure that I am well equipped before returning home. Whenever I visit our attic, I am amused by the 'weird and wonderful' articles which I have carefully acquired.

Souvenirs - like the small perfume container holding some dearly treasured Mediterranean water, the beautiful shells brought from Suez after the war, or the French coins brought all the way from Paris - fill me with delight and with memories which will forever linger with me. For this reason, I suggest this hobby to any travelers, be they globe-trotters or province-hoppers. However, like all hobbies, there are certain traps which have to be carefully watched and which, alas, are often the folly of the inexperienced, to the shop-keepers' delight.

I regret to admit that even I, in the first stages, was quite unwary and therefore have acquired a very "laughable" tidbit in my collection. I was very proud of my "original souvenirs of Pictou Harbour", which consisted of a beautiful array of shells and what-nots all pasted on driftwood, until one day, quite by chance, I discovered a dab of paint which, when removed, uncovered "Made in Japan". Pity the poor Japanese who brought such an 'original' home, to be thoroughly ridiculed by his friends. Another unhappy occasion saw me finding three identical items marked respectively "Peggy's Cove, N.S.", "Fredericton, N.B." and "Eaton's Clearance Sale ..drastically reduced". After this incident I came to the conclusion that most souvenirs are hard-to-get rid-of items with names painted on for show.

At times I have confined my collection to napkins, place mats, match-books, or little cakes of soap stamped with hotel names. This, however, can become dangerous, as I find when somehow an embarrassing odd ash-tray or towel winds up, unnoticed in an unpacked suitcase. On one occasion this even went as far as the room key, but this way promptly returned by mail with a somewhat weak explanation.

Of late, however, I have slightly cooled off on souvenirs. For one thing, every nook and cranny is already occupied with such, to the extent of clear threats from one sick-and-tired-of-picking-up-all-this-junk-from-everywhere Mother. For another, I find my pocket contracting after every trip. Therefore, I now limit my collection to postcards or small 'reminders' for I feel that these are the most original of all. (Unless, of course, all shells, flowers, pebbles, and sea waters are made in Japan).

Leah Edelstein
Form III
Age 14.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

This is a relatively new activity. It has been meeting since the beginning of this school year with the assistance of Mr. Delisi as staff advisor. The following is the membership:

President	- Sheri Richardson
Vice-President	- Glen Heggie
Treasurer	- Bill Hutchinson
Secretary	- Bobby Richardson
	Karnal Bir Chopra
	Christine Jannasch
	Paul Talbot
	Paul Trapnell
	Ian Youle
	John Glube
	Bill Price
	Allen Finley

During the course of the year meetings were held at 3.30 on Thursdays in Mr. Delisi's classroom. Several topics have been discussed, including:

1. Is Medicare a good thing?
2. Should "Red" China be admitted to the U.N?
3. Should religion be taught in school?

The Debating Society has been a successful organization and it is hoped that this success will continue next year.

William Hutchinson, Form V, Age 16.

THE WOODEN WORLD

On April 8th, a group of students from the Senior School attended a Neptune performance of The Wooden World. The play, assembled by Gavin Douglas, is "a prospect of Nova Scotia in the words of those who lived and died in it with uncalled-for remarks by foreigners." Five actors and an actress portray such famous people as General James Wolfe, Joseph Howe, Madame Drucour and Premier Angus L. Macdonald showing the different ways in which they influenced the history of Nova Scotia.

The play was both humorous and serious, combining amusing tales of people in backwoods Nova Scotia in 1800's with the sad tale of the Halifax Explosion. Although the stage was set in the same way for all of the scenes, it detracted nothing from the atmosphere. Anyone who wishes to know more about Nova Scotia history and acquire it painlessly, indeed enjoyably, should see "The Wooden World."

Claire Wilson
Form III
Age 14.

OUR SCHOOL, H.G.S.

H.G.S. is the place where minds expand,
 It's the best school all over the land.
 The price to go here is pretty high,
 But it's worth it to see seagulls stop when they fly,
 Fun subjects like Latin and French are taught here,
 And these have been taught for ten years.
 People from other schools are not as smart, too;
 Ask them the muses and they will say, "Who?"
 The making of sulphur and of soap,
 Have occurred in the H.G.S. horoscope.
 Mr. Delisi, Delong, and Batiot will leave,
 And all the students who like them will grieve.
 Hockey and bromball are some of our sports,
 With swimming and soccer and all other sorts.
 Vanier and McKeen are some of our guests,
 And lots of others arrive with the rest.
 The school has often been congratulated,
 Even though the basement frequently gets saturated.
 So the students are the ones to mop it up,
 While teachers watch, drinking coffee from cups.
 We also go to concerts and to plays,
 After playing on a wet field on fine, sunny days.
 It's just too bad the school isn't that big,
 Because if it were we'd sure have some rig.

David Wainwright, Form II, Age 12.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF H.G.S.

'Tis the tenth year of the School,
 And all the teachers are still in rule.
 None of the teachers still are here,
 That came at the beginning of the first school year.
 This School has moved from place to place,
 And every time has a different face.
 This School has survived since fifty-eight,
 And is gradually growing at a slow rate.
 This school year will end very soon;
 In fact, it will end in the middle of June.

Greg Crosby
 Form II
 Age 12.

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER

As I arrived at the awe-inspiring home of an old friend, I was shown to the audience chamber and left alone. Upon entering the room, my impression was one of awe. The Gothic architecture, which pervaded in the room, gave it a unique atmosphere similar to that of a Medieval castle. The room was serene and majestic with its impressive tapestries which hung on all four walls. These Flemish tapestries dated to the Battle of Hastings and were picturesque historical records of the events of that time.

Again my eyes made an alert survey of this seemingly uninhabited room, and among the more prominent objects they spied an enormous bookcase which extended the entire length of the east wall. Upon closer examination, I discovered that among the thousands of books, there were some over two hundred years old, and some older still. Because of my great curiosity and love of books, I immediately settled myself down, book in hand, and began to read. After a short period, I put down my book and closely began to observe my surroundings.

While I was reading, the room had adorned a striking blanket of crimson which had its source high above the massive oak floor. Through the slit-like windows, the sun's rays gleamed as if to announce the approaching end of day. The suit of armour, which stood in the far reaches of the room, caught the sun's rays and shone with the brilliance of a thousand flawless rubies. Next to this breath-taking sight, there stood an almost alien object which seemed as though it had kept a constant vigil over all, as does a Mother to a sick child.

Again my curiosity began to boil and I immediately began walking towards it. As I approached, it seemed to be concerned with my every move. Suddenly, I was overpowered by two luminated objects which seemed to possess the radiance of flaming suns. Now my imagination ran wild, recalling to mind all the mythological creatures I had read about. Finally, I realized what it was my eyes beheld - a cat! This small, furry animal had, for an instant, captivated my soul and stirred in me a feeling, half of wonder, half of fear. After this extraordinary experience, I returned and sought refuge in my friend's virtual world of books.

Harris Barton
Form IV
Age 15.

SPRING

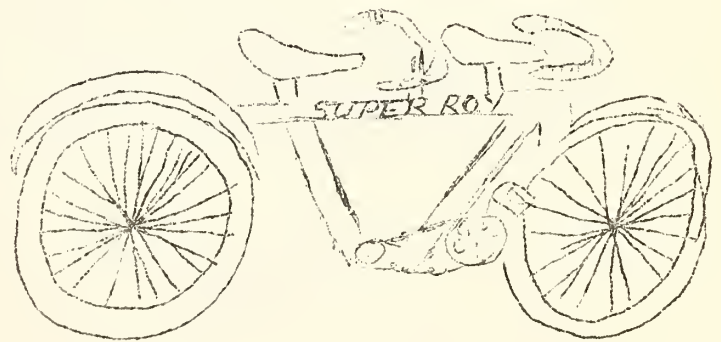
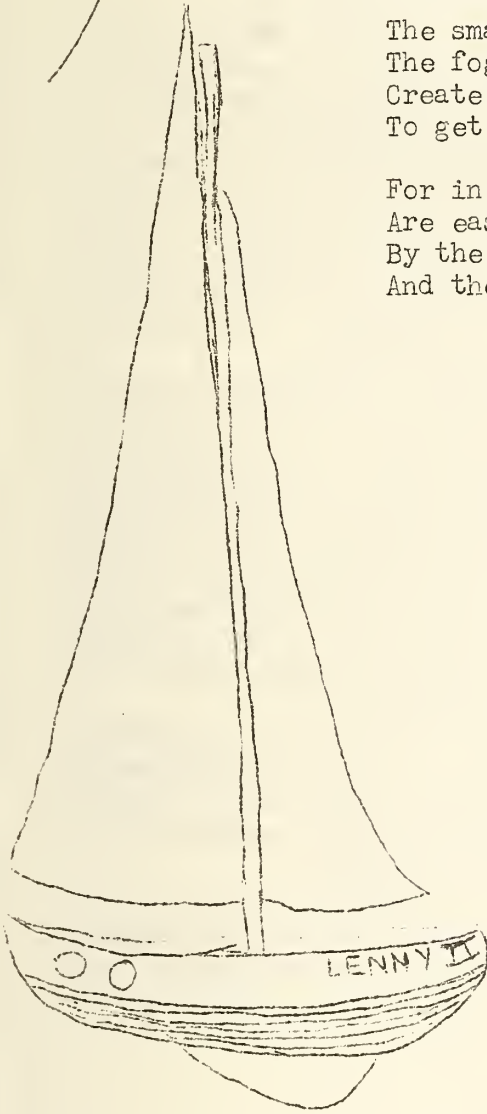
That time of year,
When cyclists appear,
Two on a tandem,
Riding at random.

The smell of the air,
From on the porch chair,
Creating a new desire,
Making one livelier.

The smack of the sail,
The foghorn's wail,
Create a fever,
To get to the tiller.

For in Spring, the desiccated
Are easily medicated,
By the sound of the bees
And the wind in the trees.

Peter Mitchell
Form IV
Age 14.



NOVA SCOTIA LIBERAL ASSOCIATION MEETING - 1968

The annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Liberal Association took place in January at the Lord Nelson Hotel, with much of the action focused on the Grand Ballroom. Candidates for the party's leadership in attendance were: W. H. Henderson, Eric Kierans, Paul Hellyer, J. J. Greene, Paul Martin, Mitchell Sharp and Allan MacEachen. Also present was Gerald Regan, the provincial party leader.

The Chambers cartoon appearing in that Saturday morning paper depicted great bursts of hot air coming from the hotel opening buds in the Public Gardens. Each speaker was allotted five minutes of speaking time and was well introduced by Gerald Regan. The speaker to whom those in attendance reacted most favorably was the folksy Agriculture Minister, Joe Greene. Greene declared that the leadership race was not a beauty contest, "Otherwise Mitchell Sharp and myself wouldn't fare very well." In retaliation to Stanfield's banana, Allan MacEachen sported a juicy, red apple. Eric Kierans sat looking quite confused, and Rev. Henderson asked me if I wanted his autograph when he observed me attempting to get Sharp's. I must have looked quite puzzled, for I thought he was one of the press. Afterwards he explained his identity.

The press was on hand to cover all the proceedings. The blend of television lights and chandeliers was extremely humorous, while the floor was a maze of cables and switches. Reporters fired the usual questions at the candidates. Mitchell Sharp must have done quite well in defending his "mini-budget," for his answers were totally incomprehensible. Paul Martin, who came in second after Pearson in the last convention, shot down the U.S. Foreign Policy. Eric Kierans, Joe Greene and Allan MacEachen said nothing quite beautifully, while Rev. Henderson of Portage le Prairie, Manitoba said nothing quite poorly. Paul Hellyer, who is well known in these parts for unification, urged Canadians for the construction of two new cities every five years.

The meeting wouldn't be worth anything without good old political deceit and trickery. When requesting Paul Martin's autograph, he asked me my name. I replied, and he exclaimed, "Oh yes," as if we fought at the Marne together. Gerald Regan asked me if I attended Q.E.H., and cameramen cursed at the speakers under their breaths.

Chambers had the right idea in portraying the entire affair as "hot air", but with the emergence of Pierre Trudeau as a candidate, the leadership race takes on a new color. If Trudeau wins the party ticket, the Country would be in better hands than it would any other politician on the scene.

Paul Talbot
Form III
Age 14.

DOMESTIC CATS

Most of our domestic cats are of Egyptian descent and were probably first tamed about four thousand years ago in Egypt. Later European wild-cats were cross-bred with the Egyptians to form the popular "tabby" (striped) cat.

Many civilizations have enjoyed cats. The Egyptians worshipped them and, when they died, embalmed and buried them in great tombs.

Many breeds may be found. Here are the basic families with brief descriptions:

The Domestic Shorthair is the common type of pet cat. This is the kind which is usually found in barns, on docks, in homes and wandering the streets without a home.

Abyssinian cats are directly descended from the sacred Egyptian cats of centuries ago. These are very uncommon in North America because of the cost of shipping.

The Abyssinian was introduced into England, from Ethiopia, after the Abyssinian War in 1868.

When the female has a litter, she only produces one or two kittens, where other mothers have four to eight at one time. This makes the Abyssinian far scarcer than other breeds.

Abyssinian kittens are extremely expensive and, according to whether they are pets or show cats, may cost anywhere from 75 to 200 dollars each.

From a distance Abyssinians seem to have a brown coat, but on closer inspection it is evident that each hair has two or three colour bands, black, brown and white.

Persian cats (Angora) are a long-haired type. They are probably the most popular show cats in North America.

The true show fame of these cats probably originated in the Middle East, mainly around the cities of Snyora and Angora.

Siamese cats are easily distinguished by their colouring. There are two divisions of Siamese cats: Blue point and Seal point.

The latter has a biege body with dark brown muzzle, paws and tail. The Blue Point is creamy white with blue-gray "points".

The Siamese kittens are completely white when born, but after about six weeks they begin to gain colour. They are not fluffy and chubby when born, like other kittens, but are thin and feeble-looking. This is natural and however much they are fed this state will only change as they grown-up.

As their name suggests, they were brought from Siam in the 1880's, to England and within a decade they had been brought to North America.

Today these are the most numerous of pedigreed cats.

Of all cats the Manx is the most easy to identify. It has no tail. If Manx has a little stub of a tail, this is a mark against it in a show. The winning Manx has a shallow dent where the tail should start.

Domestic Cats cont'd

Manx cats come in many colors. The most popular is the tabby.

No one knows how the Manx lost its tail. There is no evidence as to why they were found on the Isle of Man, off the coast of England. Nevertheless, it is truly a strange animal.

Most cats make very good pets and are not dirty or smelly for they keep themselves clean. They are loving and affectionate and inexpensive to keep.

Antony Gillis, Form II, Age 12



THE ART CLUB

One of the most popular extra-curricular activities in The Halifax Grammar School is the Art Club. The club meets every Wednesday from three-thirty to five o'clock. The club is supervised by Mrs. Fox whose presence is much appreciated.

The idea of the Art Club is that one who wishes to explore his abilities in art comes into the art room each week full of ideas to work on, perhaps to finish art projects not finished in class or in previous meetings.

Some of the projects involve clay models, papier-mache, oil paints, water colours, linoleum prints. This year the most prominent group in the club is Form III, which has been working hard hooking a six by nine rug of colourful and unique design.

In short, the Art Club this year has been very successful and those who attend find it profitable and enjoyable. Who knows? We may have a famous artist in our midst.

Murray Newman
Form II
Age 14

THE STORM

The ships are racing toward the shore

As storm clouds gather high,

And wild and free the seagulls wheel,

Against the darkening sky.

And now the waves are crashing free

As winds and rain abide,

The giant billows toss and foam

Throughout the ebbing tide.

Oft' I have watched a gathering storm

Which no man can control,

And like the endless sea of life

It dominates my soul.

Alan Tibbetts
Form II
Age 14

WEDDING GIFTS

Among the curious tribal customs that survive from our barbaric past is the bestowing of useless and often ugly objects upon newlyweds.

These gifts can take various forms, the most popular being, silver plates that threaten to tarnish unless polished daily, decorative ashtrays coated with highly flammable varnish, and salt and pepper shakers imported from French porcelain shops bearing the words "made in Japan." If any of these are not readily at hand, a cheap cut-glass vase or candy dish of any size, shape or colour can be substituted.

While the newlyweds are off on their honeymoon, eager relatives are busy carting carloads of such junk to their new home. When they return the couple find themselves forced to set aside at least one room in order to store these spoils. Each time anyone visits them they quickly bring out whatever it is the person gave them and display it prominently. Finally, after a decent interval has passed, say six months to a year, everything may be safely disposed of. And this is the point where the novices are separated from the pros.

It may sound easy enough, but what can you do with this "junk in the spare room". You cannot simply cart it down to your furnace and burn it. Very few homes still have furnaces. Junk dealers will not take it away unless you pay them to do it. Charitable organizations, after you have called them up and described the items, politely refuse to take the stuff off your hands. At one point you consider mailing the gifts to distant points around the world with no return address, but find out that the postage would virtually bankrupt you.

In the end, however, the solution presents itself. You receive a wedding invitation and then can bestow these monstrosities upon other newlyweds and let them worry about it. And so the vicious unalterable cycle of history turns again.

James Gumpert
Form V
Age 15

THE DAWN PATROL
by Ian McCulloch, Form II

The dawn was grey, the skies were black,
The engine sputtered, the word "Contact",
Was heard by the pilot, he repeated the word.
The engine roared, the propeller whirred.

The flimsy structure of canvas and wood,
Moved noisily forward, as fast as it could!
It gathered speed, it took to flight.
It soared above, to greater heights.

The ground below, dark green and brown,
The miniature fields, the roads, the towns.
The battle lines, drenched in mud,
Where men had given their life and blood.

The mass of clouds like pyramids,
Edged with blue, and gold amidst
In the east, a blood red ball,
It rose in silence, no noise at all.

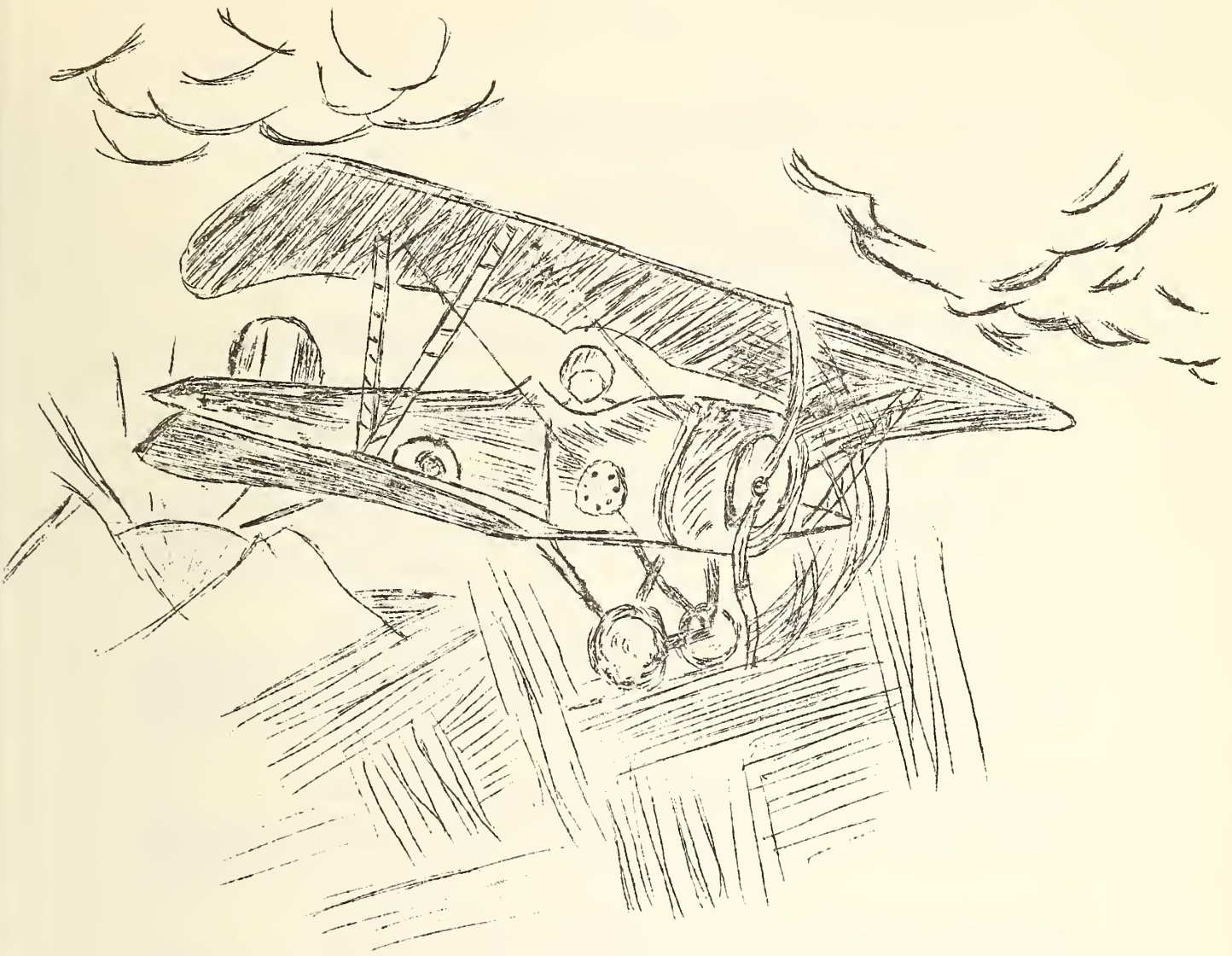
The darkness lightened, the world awoke.
The wings of the plane, in dew were soaked.
The pilot felt upon his face,
The warmth of the sunlights haze.

The aircraft shuddered, the pilot turned,
Upon his tail, another bird.
It spat out death, a deadly burst,
A German plane, the pilot cursed.

The two hawks circled on their guard,
They "waltzed" about, the duel was hard,
They turned and twisted, swooped and dived,
The German was the one to die.

It burst in flames, the pilot jumped,
To his death, while observer slumped,
In the rear where he's been killed,
By a bullet, Fate had willed.

It plummeted down, like a stricken bird,
The pilot looked, without a word.
The early morning had arrived,
He turned his plane, and homeward dived.



Ian McCulloch
Form II
Age 13

THE END

A seagull crossed a naked plain,
The snow was gone, as was the rain.
All motion in the world had stopped;
There was no more; the bomb had dropped.

The wind whisked through an ashen tree,
The waves broke on a bloody shore.
Here was nothing for all to see;
The bomb had dropped; there was no more.

David Goldbloom
Form III
Age 14

A SHORT HISTORY OF SKIING

For the better part of 5,000 years skiing was a matter of utility. Equipment was primitive. Ski poles were not used. Instead, one long stick usually served for balance and braking.

Then in 1840, a Norwegian from the province of Telemark named Sondre Nordheim invented modern ski-jumping.

In 1843, a Lapp cross-country racer gave up his one long stick and crossbow for two ski poles.

By 1880 jumping was firmly established as a bonafide competitive sport in Norway. In California, meanwhile, speed racing, in the nature of an uncontrolled schuss, had developed into ski-for-pay competition.

The real, continuing contribution came from the jumpers in Norway. Here, both skill and equipment were improved by the country's interest in the competitive aspects of skiing. The action involves the men from Telemark on one side, the men from Christiania (now Oslo) on the other.

The men from Telemark invented the telemark turn (1879). With improvements it was to be in vogue for 50 years, with some people claiming its virtues as late as 1950. Originally the telemark was always done to the right.

The boys from Christiania, not to be outdone, invented a new means of stopping, this time to the left. It became known as the christiania turn, and the name, throughout the years, has been shortened to christie.

Mathias Zdarsky, an eccentric Austrian genius, started today's down-mountain mania. In 1896 he not only published the first methodical analysis on how to turn on skis, he also developed the first skis and bindings designed specifically for the task of turning.

Hannes Schneider brought to the world the enjoyment of skiing, not for mountaineering, but for itself. He made skiing truly a sport, to be enjoyed for the thrill of going fast at controlled speed. He adopted the use of two poles and he altered and refined the christiania.

Due to the refinement of technique skiing became immensely popular in Europe. In 1939, tens of thousands of persons were skiing.

By 1946 virtually all of the major basic concepts of modern alpine ski technique and ski equipment had been discovered. Only the details remained to be improved upon.

In the last 15 years the advancement of technique has led to production of better skis, from wood to metal and now to fiberglass. Who knows what the future holds?

Ralph Petley-Jones, Form III, Age 14

NOW WE ARE TEN

It was in '58, ten years ago,
That a group was formed.
They didn't like the education here
So they founded a school for those who well know.

It needed a name,
A name marked by excellence
And H.G.S. it was made
Putting our rural schools to shame.

We changed our nest,
(From that rat house on the Road)
And moved into a modern school;
And in '63 we had our own crest.

We've won many a quarrel
Against neighbors and money,
But we've raised some funds
And thus boosted our morale.

But now we are ten,
Still prosperous and young,
And still another fight we must win:
A student's fight to become proud of this school.

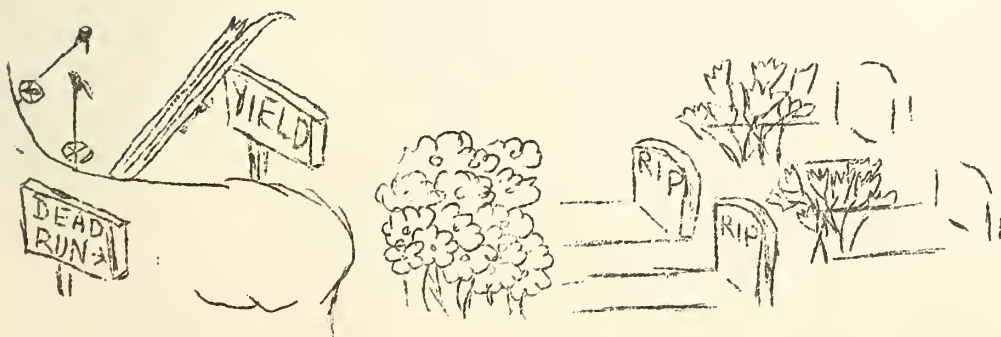
Randy Piercey, Form V, Age 15

A FATEFUL DAY

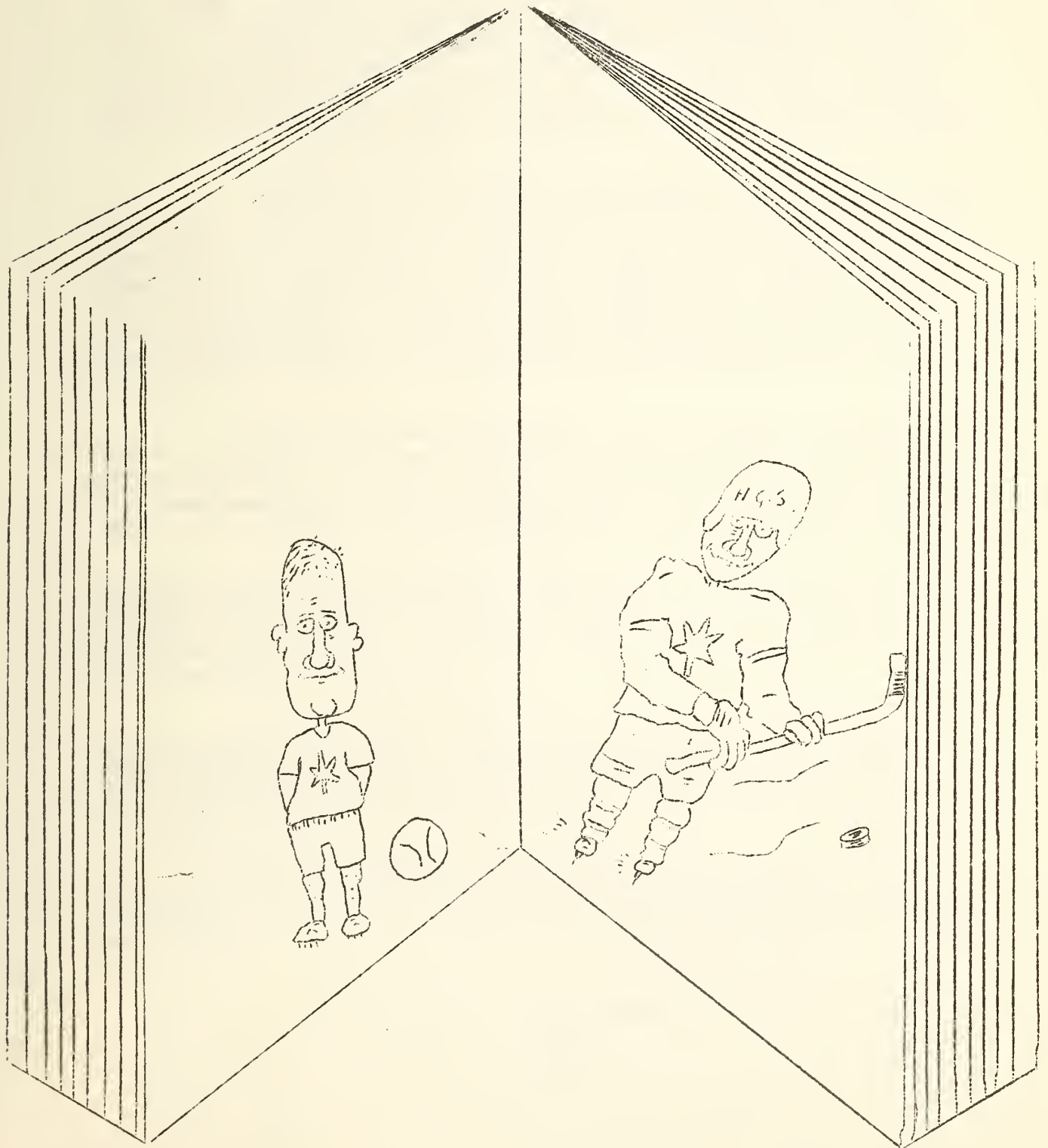
There once was a man called Soloman Grundy,
Who went to Wentworth to ski on a Sunday.
He skied all day on the Idiot's Way
And he was sorry about it on Monday.

The sign is for those who loved him,
The broken ski is for those who adored him,
The flower is from those who mourn him.

David Welbourn, Form I, Age 11



SPORTS



HOCKEY

The senior hockey team enjoyed a surprisingly good season. Members of the regular team included; Mitchell and Gray in nets; Piercey, Fraser, Goldbloom, Purves, and Norwood on defence; and Tripp, Crace, Power, Neal, Tupper, Scouler, Glenk, Crosby, Petley-Jones, and Richardson.

The first two games of the season ended in defeat for the senior team. In Windsor, in the first game of a home and home series with King's, we lost 9-1 with Tripp scoring our only goal. Two weeks later, in Halifax, the second game was played. We managed to stay with the heavier King's team for two periods but we fell apart in the final period. The final score was 7-2 for the King's team. Neal and Crace scored for the seniors. These two games provided us with good experience for later games in the season.

Throughout the season the seniors played five games with two teams from Q.E.H., winning two and losing three. Against, the older team from Q.E.H., the seniors won one and lost two. In the first game the larger Q.E.H. team took a 7-5 decision. Scorers for the seniors were Crace with two, James Crosby, Tripp, and Tupper. The Q.E.H. team also took the second game, winning 6-4. Tripp scored twice with Neal and Crace adding singles. The third and final game was a victory for us. Crace, Tupper, Scouler, and Tripp scored for the seniors in a 4-2 decision.

The second team from Q.E.H. was more our size and provided better opposition. The seniors won 4-1 in the first game. Crace, Neal, Tripp, and Scouler scored our goals. The second game with this particular team resulted in a 6-5 win for Q.E.H. The Grammar School goals were scored by Tripp and Crace with two each and Neal scoring the other.

A two-game series was played with St. Francis School. The Grammar School won both contests. A hat-trick by John Crace led the seniors to a 5-2 victory, in the first game. Tripp and Richardson scored the other goals. In the second match, the seniors won 2-1 with Crace scoring both our goals.

The final game of the regular season was the best for the Grammar School senior team. Led by the high-scoring line of Tripp, Crace, and Power, the seniors won 10-1. Michael Power scored 3 goals with Crace and Tripp scoring 2 each. Neal, Tupper and Scouler scored the remaining goals.

The main reason for our successful season was due to the good coaching of Mr. DeLong. We wish to thank Mr. DeLong for his time and effort in providing the Grammar School with a good and well-balanced senior team.

David Tripp
Form V
Age 16

SOCCER

Last fall the Halifax Grammar School had a short but not altogether unsuccessful Soccer season. We were coached for only one hour per week by Douglas Caldwell of Dalhousie University and the whole team sincerely thanks him for his help.

After only two practices the team travelled to Windsor to play K.C.S. Nine goals later we returned to Halifax. The final score K.C.S.9 H.G.S. 0.

A few weeks later the same team, with one or two changes, came to Halifax. At 2.00 P.M. our team clad in school sweaters and for the most part sneakers, trotted onto the field to meet what looked to be a big, strong, well organized team. They wore full uniforms & cleats. That afternoon something happened that had never before happened in our school History, our Soccer team scored. We also won. The big three for the team were made up of John Crace, William Lion and Captain William Gray, with passes from him and Gray, Crace put away two goals to lead the team to a 2:1 victory.

If we are to succeed next year we must have more organization, more student participation and much more time. 1 hour a week is better than nothing but it produces little more than nothing and so little time produces little interest.

We would like to thank the Parents' Group for supplying us with much needed netting for our goals on the back field.

John Crace
Form V
Age 15

TRACK & FIELD MEET

On October 6th 1967-68, our school held a track and field meet at the Wanderers' Grounds. The school consists of 4 sections, or houses, they are Bluenose, Hector, Shannon, and Unicorn. At the track meet, mentioned above, the final standings were as follows:

Shannon - 68 pts.
Bluenose -35 pts
Hector - 57 pts.
Unicorn - 17 pts.

In the individual pt. standing 1st place went to M. Power of Shannon House with 24 pts., 2nd place was allotted to S. Neal of Hector House with 20 pts., and finally in 3rd place went to C. Gleuk of Bluenose with 11 pts. Out of a possible 31 events Shannon took part in 27, Hector 21, Bluenose 15, and Unicorn 7. We were favored with a fairly fine day, and the number of spectators was larger than that of the previous year. All and all it was a successful undertaking.

James Crosby
Form III
Age 14

HOCKEY TEAM

1st row: P. Trapnell, A. Finley, C. von Maltzahn, A. Gillis, J. Mingo
 2nd row: T. Purves, R. Hawkins, D. Goldbloom, D. Tripp, P. Mitchell, R. Petley-Jones,
 R. MacLelland
 3rd row: D. Tupper, R. Shears, T. Norwood, R. Richardson, J. Crosby, M. Soares
 4th row: D. Rhude, D. Scouler, J. Crace, M. Power, S. Neal, J. Welbourn, R. Piercey



SOCCER TEAM

1st row: W. Lim, J. Crosby, P. Trappnell, C. von Maltzahn, T. Norwood, R. Petley-Jones
 2nd row: P. Mitchell, B. Thompson, B. Medjuck, D. Black, R. Richardson, P. Wainwright,
 J. Longley
 3rd row: J. Steeves, D. Tripp, J. Welbourn, B. Hannington, W. Hutchinson, M. Jannasch
 4th row, D. Tupper, S. Neal, M. Power, J. Crace, R. Piercey, G. Heggie



THE DIRECTORS - STAFFBROOMBALL GAME

In the broomball game between the staff and the directors of H.G.S.'s Winter Carnival John Rhude was the referee and Herman Langstrophe as linesman.

Before the game began John Rhude was threatened by friends who had parents on the Board of Directors and by the Staff who threatened to fail him on the exams. All in fun of course.

Early in the game the ball was taken by the staff into the directors' end of the ice and was knocked about there. Several shots were taken by Mrs. Cassidy and Mr. Batiot, but, they either missed the net or the ball was stopped by the directors' goalie. Soon it was cleared to the staff's end. As soon as it got there Mr. Delong whacked the ball down to the other end. This was more or less significant of the way the game progressed. Finally after numerous off-side calls, Mr. Delong scored for the staff.

For the rest of the game there were several off-siders and no more scoring although the staff kept control and the directors only had a few shots on the net.

The final score was one to nothing in favor of the staff. Mr. Currie recorded the shutout for the staff.

Even though the game was rather long and the two teams were exhausted at the end, the spectators were wee entertained.

The spectators were surprised at Mr. Batiot's skill in broomball with his very hard shot. Mrs. Cassidy, the blue flash, tripped an unidentified Director but she received no penalty. After the game she denied tripping anyone.

John Rhude and Randy Piercey	
Form II	Form V
Age 13	Age 15

THE WINTER CARNIVAL

The Halifax Grammar School Winter Carnival, held at St. Mary's Rink, March 22, 1968, was very entertaining. The turnout for this occasion was excellent. The main aims of the Carnival were to raise money for the school and to let people have fun. The Carnival enjoyed a good deal of success.

It got off to a sparkling start with a period of general skating. Many people were dressed in interesting costumes as they skated around the rink, chuckling merrily. The costumes displayed a great deal of imagination; the most outstanding example was "Pascal", a dragon, piloted by the gay Jannascho. One of the high points was a potato race for girls only that provided lots of thrills. Ann Merchant was the winner. A drawing for a color television was conducted. Mr. Jannascho won it.

An exciting broomball match was played between the teachers and the board of directors. It was so electrifying that it kept the spectators on the edge of their seats for most of the game.

Two hockey squads, Peewees and Atoms, were imported from Rockingham to play games against school teams. The Rockingham teams displayed great teamwork and finesse as they won both games by scores of one to nothing and five to one. This aspect of the Carnival was sombre and made the Grammar School fans sad. Another hockey contest, between the fathers and sons ended in a two to two tie.

The Winter Carnival was good in that it added spice and frolicking to the school year.

A little more organization next year so that the events can be run on schedule should prove to be all the more entertaining. Most people feel though that more time should be allotted to the Fathers - Sons' Hockey Game so at least this and the Broomball Game will have equal time if not less time for the latter .

Robert MacLelland
Form III
Age 14

ACTIVITIES AT THE YMCA

By June of this year Forms IV and V will have completed a successful season at the YMCA. The main thing that helped this year at the "Y" to be a big success was that we had free time to do what each one wanted to do.

Time was divided in this way: approximately forty- five minutes of either Soccer, Basketball, Badmington, or Volley Ball as compulsory items. These were divided by stretches of four to six weeks for each one during the school year. The remaining time, approximately forty- five minutes was divided into either Floor Hockey, use of tramp or other equipment, Squash, Handball, or Swimming. These were optional as the individual chose what he or she wished.

As the year is drawing to a close each person is allowed to choose any of the above items for the remaining school term. Trips to the Garrison Grounds are scheduled, weather permitting.

This year at the "Y" has been a great success because each individual has enjoyed every minute there.

I, on behalf of the students, extend thanks to Trueman Hirshefield, Ed La Pierre and others who have assisted them in making this season at the YMCA a great success.

Randy Piercey,
Form V
Age 15

HEADMASTERS' SKIING

High School students from all parts of Nova Scotia met at the Wentworth Valley Ski Club on the 19th. and 20th. of February to compete in the first Nova Scotia Headmasters' Alpine Ski Meet. Four boys from the Grammar School took part in this meet. They were, Toby Norwood, John Welbourn, Chuck Gleuk and Ralph Petley-Jones.

Racing conditions were anything but perfect. Both days were extremely cold and a bitter north wind blowing straight up the hill did not help much. The snow was wind-packed to the point where it was like rock. However, there were no injuries except for a few cases of frost bite. There were two races: a slalom and a giant slalom. A downhill was not run because the Wentworth Valley Club does not have the required vertical drop for such a race. The races were run extremely well, but our team was the object of one error. It was ruled that more than three men would be permitted to compete in one race, but the best three times, only, would be counted. This ruling was changed close to race time, so that only three men per team could race, however our boys weren't told. So all four boys raced, but the time of our fourth man wasn't counted, although it was one of the better times of the day.

Our team, did, however, enhance the name of the Grammar School in that it did stand second in team points after the meet was completed. The team was beaten only by the formidable Q.E.H. team, but the Grammar School team beat the K.C.S. team from Windsor, which placed third.

John Welbourn
Form V
Age 15

BADMINTON

A badminton tournament is scheduled for April thirteenth at the Y.M.C.A. Prizes will be awarded to the winners of singles and doubles. William Tim and Kamal Bir Chopra are organizing this with the permission of the headmaster, Mr. W.E.P. Currie. There are many entries by students from forms one to forms four. This tournament is being held primarily to ascertain the standard of this game among the students. This will enable us to pick out the best players to form a school team which will compete with other schools in the metropolitan area. Mr. DeLong is helping us to make this tournament a success. This sport will be added to the other major school sports; e. g. ice hockey, soccer, and skiing.

Kamal Bir Chopra
Form III
Age 14

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